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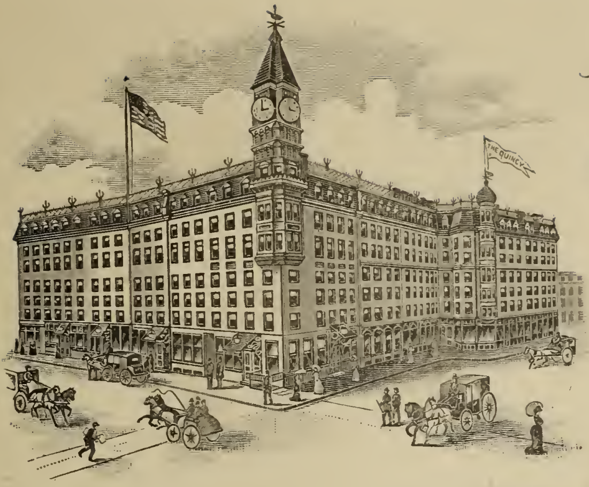

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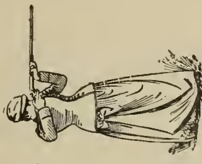

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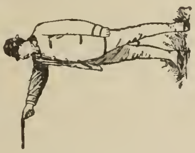

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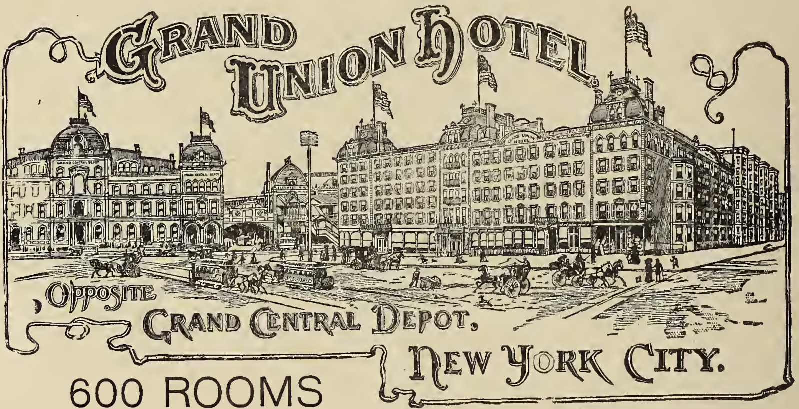

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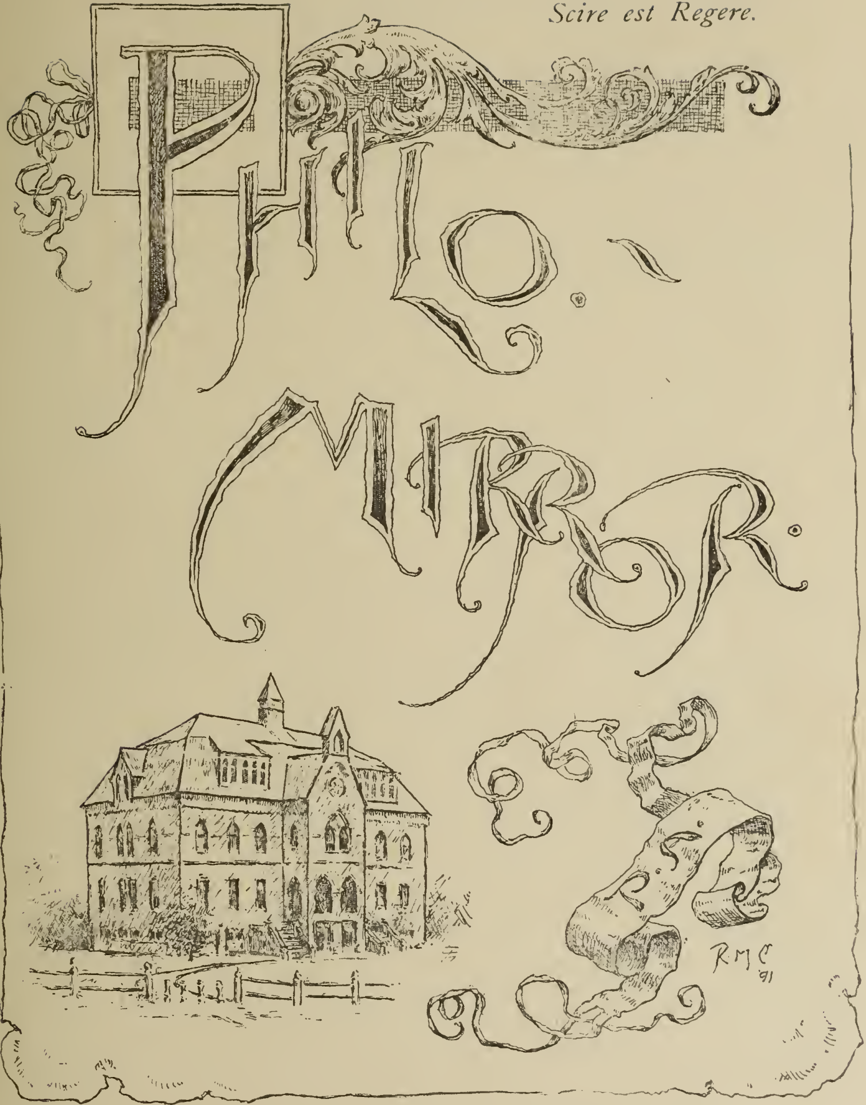
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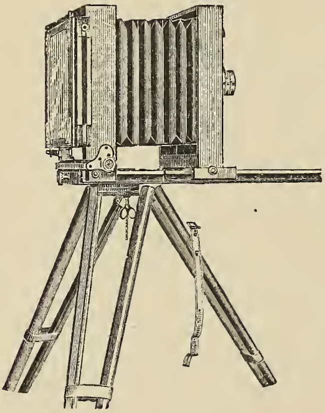

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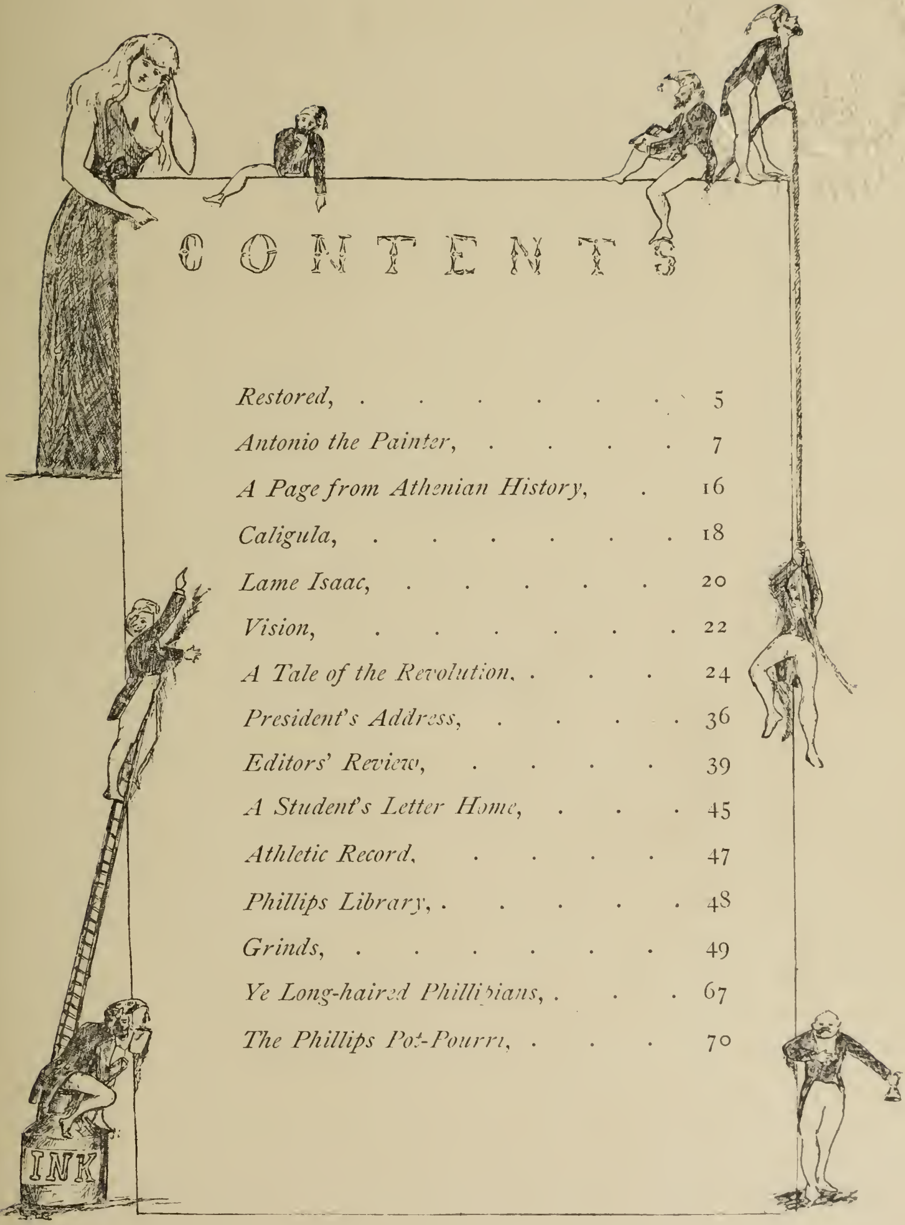

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EDITORS.

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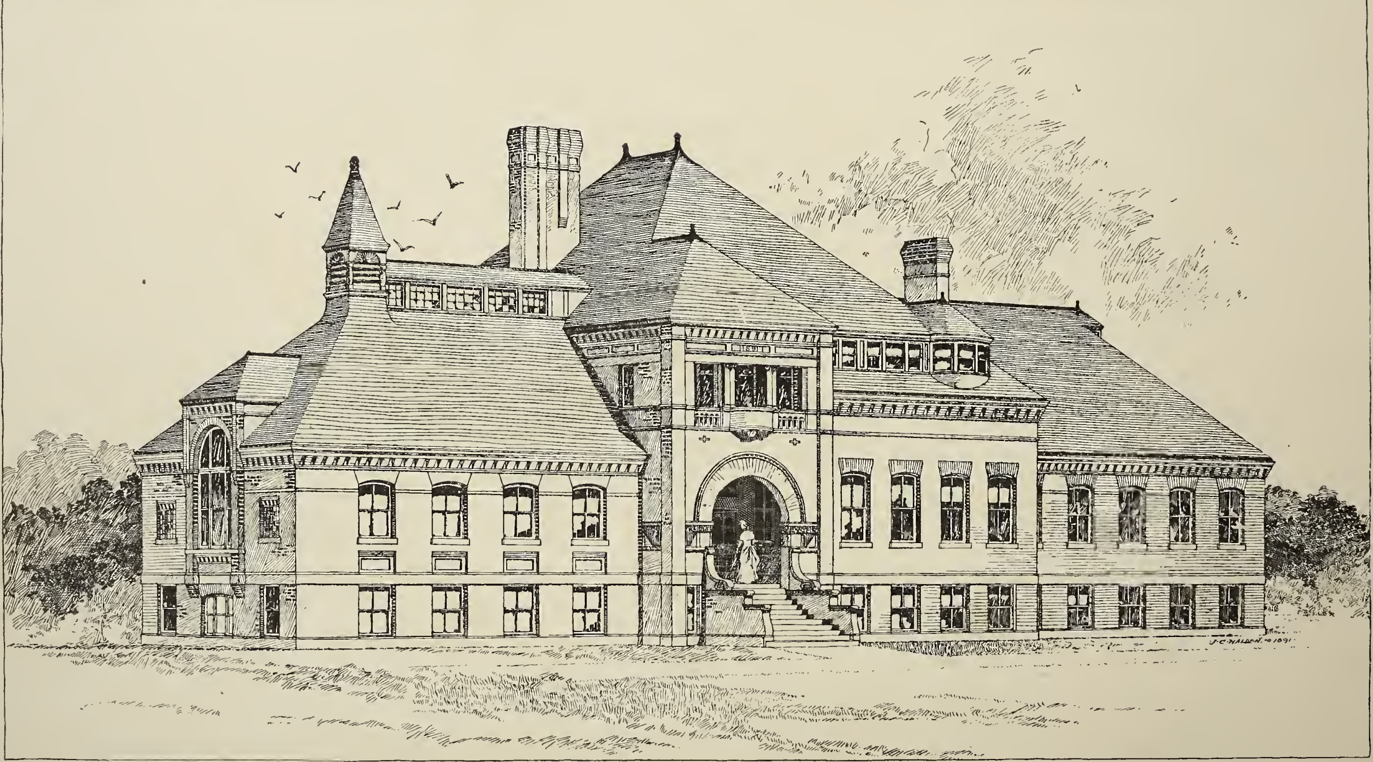


J·C·HALDEN. 1891·

THE MIRROR.

Vol. XXXIX. DECEMBER, 1891. No. I.

Restored.

First Prize Poem.

Thou art not here;
This heart is sad, this hearth is drear,
Whose fire would dance and leap and glow
At thine approach. The bleak winds sigh
That sung for thee sweet lullaby.
Yon watch-dog howls bereft. Poor friend!
His joy, like mine, has found an end.
Oh, that my life had too! I know
Why sounds this knell upon my ear,—
Thou art not here.

In vain my quest.
They laid thee in the earth. Her breast,
So soft and warm and decked with flowers,
Received thee with a mother's care.
She too seems dead; no shrine is there
For life and love to sanctify;

But back and forth the brown leaves fly
'Mid naked trees and blighted bowers.
Thy soul was warm and free as air!
Thou art not there.

Gone, gone for aye!—
But hark! What angel whispers, pray?
'God of the living, He.' Thy voice!
A glimpse of glory through the gloom;
A peace that leaves my fears no room!
Mine arms outstretched, I yearn for thee.
O love! come back at length to be
My star of hope, guide of my choice!
I feel thy hand in mine; at last
I hold thee fast.

O spirit fair,
Leave me no more! This desert bare
Shall bloom again through thy dear love.
Thine, only thine, my soul shall be,
So noble, high and pure and free,
That thou shalt joy to leave thy home,
Thine angel mates, and come to roam
On earth with me, to point above,
Where living endless years, dear heart,
We ne'er shall part.

Antonio the Painter.

First Prize Story.

YEARS ago, when the great city of Florence was thriving under the able, though tyrannical, rule of Lorenzo de Medici, there lived in its depths a young painter. He was only an atom in the sea of life around him — only one among many struggling souls, of whom no one expected more than that they toil on daily in the strife for existence, through weary years, till death call them.

But Antonio himself felt very differently. He was young and ambitious. The world was before him; and often, as he thought on the future, he determined that he would paint pictures so wonderful that they should make him the one great painter of the world. This was his aim in life. For this he toiled daily in his little studio. For this he studied the great works of art around him. For this he made friends among those who could aid and advance him in his career. For this, in short, he lived.

Every night when the work of the day was finished he sat down before it and examined it closely, trying to discover whether it were any better than that of the former day, what were its faults, and whether there were in it any trace of the genius of the great masters. But as months passed on it became evident to him that his Madonnas were no more heavenly, and his saints no more exalted, than those of his fellow-painters. This feeling grew, and by degrees the idea stole upon him that, if he would win the fame he desired, he must paint something unusual and attempted by no other hand.

One day, when working on the calm, sweet features of St. John the Beloved, he thought of the hundreds of similar pictures he had seen, and the many he himself had painted. Then such a feeling of distaste for his work crept over him that he threw down his brushes in disgust, crying, "I will paint no more holy beings, no more saints. Give me Judas, the dark disciple, the wicked one, the betrayer of our Lord. Few hands have attempted his features. None have painted him as I will. He shall be my subject, and in him shall I find success."

He soon found he had chosen a hard task. So accustomed had he been to giving pure, holy expressions to the faces in his pictures, that it was difficult for him to descend to the base, sordid features of the betrayer. At night, as he examined his work, he found something lacking in the face. So he began to walk the streets, and to study the faces of the passers-by, particularly those showing a trace of the character of Judas. This he found a great aid in his work. Gradually it became his custom, when the toil of the day was over, to walk about the city till late at night. When he returned home he almost always carried back some new idea for his work.

By slow degrees the picture approached completion, and at last came the day when Antonio showed it to his friends. They pronounced it a success. Never before had a painter created a Judas so embodying the popular idea as this. It was talked of everywhere throughout Florence. Even the great Lorenzo de Medici came to see it, and declared it a wonder in its way. Instead of being a poor, unknown painter, Antonio was considered an artist of great promise. He felt that the first step toward his greatness had been taken, and in that hour he determined to make sin and misery the subjects of all his future pictures. So he began to paint robbers, tyrants, murderers. Nothing was too wicked and hateful to find a place in his works. He visited the worst sections of the city in search of models, and spent hours in studying faces imprinted with vice and sin. As he painted new pictures his fame increased. Each new work produced a wave of excitement. They were popular with the art-lovers of the day, and many honors were showered on their maker. No gay party was complete without him. Soon he found himself the centre of a circle of merry-makers. At first Antonio cared little for these pleasure-seekers and their feasts. He only attended their gatherings to advance his popularity; but, as time went on, he came to consider it one of his greatest enjoyments to spend the night in carouse with gay companions. His associates were from the lighter circles of the city. Some of them were of questionable character.

None were truly worthy the name friend. They lived in luxury and extravagance. Why should not he? He began to think his little studio too poor and plain. Soon he gave it up, and engaged larger rooms, richly furnished with every luxury. So, by degrees, the whole manner of his life was changed.

One day the great Lorenzo sent for him. Antonio went to the palace with eager steps. What glory might not await him? He passed through the splendid rooms till he came into the presence of the prince. Advancing with his usual dignified demeanor, Lorenzo said:

"Young man, I have heard much of your art, and now will give you an order which shall tax your powers to the utmost. Last night, as I slept, I dreamed of a face so infinitely hideous that I believe there is none on earth to compare with it; at least, I have never seen such a one. Not a single trace of good and noble feeling existed in it. So full was it of hate and malice that I shudder to think of it. A picture of such a face is what I want you to paint for me."

Antonio spoke thoughtfully: "It must be the face of a fiend. Never was there human face like the one you describe."

"It may be the face of a fiend," said Lorenzo; "but paint me the picture."

Antonio bowed and passed out from the royal presence, feeling how grave a task had been laid upon him. He went home and pondered. It was impossible for him to conceive of a face expressing nothing but evil. The more he thought about it, the harder it grew. Wicked faces there might be, and doubtless were, in the great city, but never were there human features without some trace of, at least, a former condition of goodness. And as he watched the passers in the streets, he was confirmed in this opinion.

But that evening, when sitting in the deepening twilight, lost in thought, he saw that which he had sought. The face of an evil spirit it certainly was. It differed from the usual representations. It had no horns; no smoke proceeded from its nostrils; there was no smell of sulphur and brimstone about it. But such hate and proud enmity, such scorn and malicious mockery, such hideous fear and dread, could be found in no other face. Antonio sprang up and seized his brushes; but the vision was gone, and only the memory of it remained with him.

He lighted the lamps, and, taking his seat before the easel, began to paint. That night's work was the beginning of a period of continual labor. All day, and long after the city lay in slumber, he sat absorbed in his task, trying to place on the canvas something of the terrible hatred and scorn of the face in his dream. Little by little, as weeks wore away, the picture approached completion. But Antonio saw that the face lacked many of the strongest qualities of the one it represented. These he could not portray, however hard he tried. In vain he sat in the twilight, and sought for a return of the vision. In vain he closed his eyes, and tried to recall the terrible face he had seen. It came no more.

But one day the idea flashed upon him that he might obtain from the faces of men some suggestion of the qualities he sought. So as evening drew on he went out. He passed away from the better portion of the city, and came into a part where the streets were narrow, dark, and dirty, the houses old and rickety, and the people poor and wretched. He took his place in a corner, formed by two buildings, where he could see all that went on, and yet be unobserved. Across the street a group of little children, with wan, pinched faces, were quarrelling. Above him two untidy women, with their heads out of the windows, engaged in lively discussion. Near by sat a miserable beggar on a heap of rags. Farther down the street, several drunken men could be seen approaching. To them he turned his attention. As they drew nearer, he saw that the two foremost were menacing each other with angry gestures, and he heard their fearful oaths. Presently one struck his fellow. The blow was returned. In another instant they were rolling in the dust, grappling with each other, while their companions mocked and jeered at them. Antonio passed down the street, leaving them behind. He had seen, in the angry faces of the two combatants, and in the mocking laughter of the others, glimpses of the face in his dream.

Soon he stopped before a low, narrow door. Inside sat two men, gaming; one, with a crafty, cunning face; the visage of the other, distorted with rage, as he beheld the success of his companion. When the latter grasped the gold he darted at him, with a look of mortal hate such as Antonio had never seen but once before, and then it was in his dream.

He passed from this wretched place, also, and turned his steps homeward. It was late. The street was dark, except that there were flickering lights in some windows. Suddenly he started. In the shade of a building he saw a crouching form. At first he thought it that of some stray dog; but as he drew nearer he saw it was a woman. She looked up, on his approach, showing her face, beautiful once, perhaps, but now disfigured by vice. A look of terrible fear and dread, mingled with hate, lay on it. She stared at Antonio from her wild, frightful eyes; then shuddered, stood up, and staggered down the street. Antonio could only murmur: "The face of my dream! Something like the face of my dream!"

He went home. He could finish the picture now, for he understood better the face he was painting. Soon it was completed, and the great art-loving world of Florence flocked to see it. Never before had a fiend been painted with such success. Lorenzo declared the face the counterpart of that of his dream. Antonio was honored as the greatest painter of Florence. He felt that he had achieved another step toward his supremacy among artists.

One of his friends had a child, a little dark-eyed creature, who had known nothing but love and tenderness all his life, and therefore loved every one and everything with his whole heart. Antonio was asked by the proud father to paint the portrait of this child. The painter gladly accepted the offer. One day they came to the studio together — the happy father, the innocent child. The boy sat down on the floor and began to play, while Antonio took up his brushes to paint. Soon the little fellow got up and came to his side to watch him. Antonio looked into the upturned face, full of purity and innocence, — a face such as he had not painted for a long time. His hand faltered as he returned to his work, so that he found it hard to represent the childish features. His difficulties increased as the work progressed. He painted a face, but the loving, trustful look of a little child was not there. In its place was something which almost suggested the fiend.

At first he thought it was merely carelessness; but as days passed on, and the likeness grew no better, but rather worse, he became alarmed. The little boy, looking at his own portrait, did not even know whose face it represented. The father was indignant that such a picture should be intended for a likeness of his little son. And day by day the painter worked on, but with no better success than before. Never had he failed so signally. He was surprised and shocked. Still he attended banquets ; but they had lost their charm, for continually before him was a vision of the horrid demon he had painted, and far away the face of the little child, fading, fading. He saw it night and day. He brooded over it. He pondered what it could mean, but all to no purpose. And daily, as he worked on the portrait, it grew less like the innocent child, and more like the evil spirit. At last he gave it up in despair.

Gradually, as the story of his failure spread abroad, he lost favor in the people's eyes. He still held his former social position ; but it was easy to see that they whom he had called his friends were looking on him doubtfully, and inwardly meditating whether they had not made too much of his first pictures, and whether he were anything of a painter after all.

Slowly the glorious idea of his becoming the one great painter of the world vanished. Little by little he grew to realize his true position among artists. And through it all two faces were ever before him — the hideous fiend, and far away the little child, fading, fading.

He still painted children's faces, though with no success. Many times he determined to return to the wicked and the base, but, as he took up his brushes to paint, he sickened at the thought, and again worked on children.

One day he was looking over some of his early pictures, and came upon a head of the boy, John the Baptist. He remembered how little satisfied he had been with it when it was painted. But now as he looked at it, though the style was rough and unfinished, yet he could see it was a true child's face, full of innocence and trust. He glanced round the room at the children he had painted lately, not one of them looking like a child. Then he sank down on a seat in despair.

"Never again, never again," he cried, "shall I be able to paint the pure and innocent! I have tampered with vice and wickedness too long. My friends are gone ; my reputation is gone ; what little money I have accumulated is going fast. But what is that to this?" And for the first time in many years, he wept. But as he grew calmer, all other thoughts and feelings gave place to one determination. He would live among the pure and innocent till he could again paint love and truth.

He gave up his handsome rooms, selling the costly furniture and his pictures. Then, with the little store of money thus obtained, he bought a farm out among the hills. It was a small place. The house was poor and the furnishings were very plain; but vines ran all over the roof, flowers bloomed in the garden, and olive-orchards lay around. To Antonio, coming out of the heat and dust of Florence into the clear air of the hills, it seemed like the garden of Eden.

He had still to obtain his companions. Going back to the city, he gathered together, from the streets and garrets, six little boys, — neglected children, whose parents had forsaken them, and who were all alone in the world, but whose little lives were yet unstained by sin. The youngest was a mere babe; all of them were weak and sickly; yet Antonio felt he could learn a lesson from them which the wisest men on earth could not teach him. With these children he returned to his future home. Soon they learned to love him, and put their soft little arms about his neck, calling him father.

The farm prospered. Peace and happiness reigned over it. The boys grew strong and healthy in the pure air. When they became older they helped their benefactor in his labors among the olive-trees and in the fields. As for Antonio himself, he almost forgot his former life in the labor of the present. If he ever thought of it, it was with no feelings of regret, for he had learned to love the caresses of little hands more than the shouts of his former companions. But still, deep down in his heart lay buried his determination.

Many years passed by. Prosperity blessed the farm. New orchards and fields were purchased. The house was enlarged and improved. Many more little waifs followed their companions out of the dusty streets into the pure mountain air. Antonio's first charges grew up and went out into the world, but were never too far away to return, sometimes, that they might see the friend who had cared for them, and whom they had called father. Antonio the painter had been forgotten long ago by the rich of Florence, but Antonio the benefactor of the neglected and forsaken had his place in many hearts.

At last he became an old man. Streaks of gray were in his hair, and he felt his strength growing less. Now, when thirty years had passed away, and in all that time he had lived only with the pure and innocent, he felt that once more he might venture to paint a child. A feeling of joy, almost of exultation, took possession of him as he grasped his brushes. Again he sat all day at his easel; but not alone now, for the eager faces of his boys were around him. Almost of itself the brush seemed to move, and every stroke added some new beauty to the expression. Never before had he painted as he did now, for it was with a happiness which almost overpowered him.

Late one night the picture was finished. As he laid it aside a feeling of regret and sadness came over him. Something in his heart told him that his life-work was finished, that he had painted his last picture. "I will look at it in the morning," he said, as he laid away his brushes and went to rest.

Day dawned, and with it the painter came in and sat down before his work. There it lay, in the morning sunshine, the thing for which he had lived thirty years. He gazed into the completed face, as if to read it through and through. Was it the face of a loving, innocent child; or were there in it traces of the malice and hatred which he had once sought, but now abhorred? Gradually a sense of disappointment stole over the old man. He could not but see that it was not the child's face he had sought for; but, as he gazed deeper, he saw it was that of a man. And then, for the first time, he realized what he had painted. It was a face that told of an experience of sin and sorrow, then of struggle and final victory, of love, and, above all, perfect peace. The innocence of childhood was not there; but the calm, victorious look was nobler, higher. Slowly the old man wiped a tear from his eyes, and left the room, feeling that he had not labored in vain.

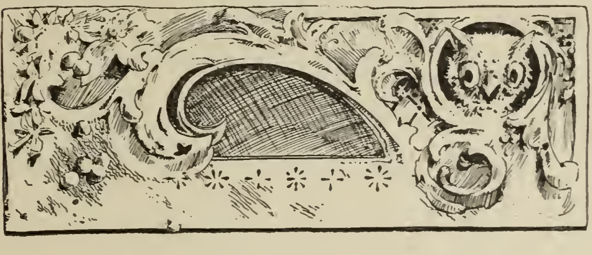
. . . .

It was evening. The heat and toil of the day were over. The red sun could be seen setting in the west, and all the hills were crowned with glory. In his large chair at the head of the table sat Antonio; around him on all sides were young faces, some childish, others older, but all alike full of health and happiness. On an easel at the lower end of the room stood the picture. Antonio looked out the western window at the glorified hills and mountains, then at the strong, happy faces all about him. He thought of his old ambition, his success in portraying the evil, his loss of power to represent the good, and the long years in which he had tried to recover that power. Then, as he looked again at the boys, — each one of whom loved him in a special way, for each one of whom he had a peculiar affection, — and thought of the happy years he had spent with them and the place he had won in many hearts, he cried:

"What I have sought is not so great as what I have gained. The picture for which I have lived so many years is not so much to me as the love of these boys, whom I have befriended only for the sake of painting it."

Once more he glanced at the picture, and, as the last rays of the setting sun fell full in the face, he beheld not the child's face he had hoped for, nor the man's face he had painted, but, purer, stronger than either of these, the face of an angel. And the old man who had beheld so many phases of life and character, closing his weary eyes that he might not see the glory fade, and folding his tired hands, bent his head and murmured, "I am content."

The glory had passed from the picture, but it seemed to rest on the painter as he lay in his last sleep.



A Page from Athenian History.

THEMISTOCLES, the Athenian, was urging his countrymen to put in a line of boats between that city and the port of Peiraeus, saying that it would greatly reduce the price of tobacco, and break up the corner in fresh fish. Aristaedes alone opposed. He thought an objectionable element would be brought to the sacred hill of the Acropolis, to sit on the grass, and leave bottles under the Hermae. Furthermore, he objected that the temptation might prove too strong upon their sons to abridge their educational privileges by a quiet sail after study hours. The Athenian schoolmasters, however, indignantly declared that if they couldn't govern in the teeth of a whole squadron of such mudsculls, they would sell out, and accept a professorship in some western college.

So many communications on the subject were sent to the local paper by Aristaedes that the Mugwumps, tired of the whole matter, voted solid with his opponents to fire him from the city.

No sooner were the boats started than Aristaedes' worst fears were realized. The Sacred Hill was thronged with persons; the grass about the Acropolis was worn quite thin in several places; and it is said that on one occasion the janitor picked up three paper bags in the front yard.

Alarmed at these ravages, the Athenians repented them of their rashness, and held a town meeting to recall Aristaedes. That leader, on his return, circulated a petition requesting the Steamship Company to give passage only to such persons as were in good and regular standing in some evangelical church, and bore a certificate of good moral character. The document further suggested that preference be given to Congregationalists, towards the defraying whose fare the town would pay a bounty.

These measures, adopted by the Company, promptly relieved the situation. Aristaedes regained his popularity, but afterward remarked to a friend that he considered an Athenian's liberty his choicest possession, and the next time his countrymen chose to eat green apples they must grin and bear it, or pay for their own Jamaica Ginger.

Caligula.

Second Prize Poem

In the camp of conquering Rome
  'Mid the German forests wild,
  Lived a happy little child,
Loving well his martial home.
For a soldier's son was he,
  And to war he hoped to go,
  With his arrows and his bow,
And, on his feet, the caligae.

What could any soldier choose
  But to love the eager boy,
  In the happiness and joy
Of those funny little shoes!
"He Caligula shall be,"
  Cried a soldier, strong and tall,
  Pointing out the child to all,
"For he wears caligulae."

From all sides the warriors came
  Round the laughing little one,
  Cheering for their leader's son,
Praising him who gave the name.
While the child, with shouts of glee,
  Hastened to his friends to show
  His bright dagger and his bow,
And his little caligae.

All too quickly flew the years;
Emperor became the lad,
Cruel, merciless, and mad,
Moved by neither prayers nor tears.
Did the monarch longingly
Sometimes wish once more to rest,
Head upon his mother's breast,
Wearing his caligulae?

Did he hunger to repeat
Days that vanished long ago,
When he trotted to and fro
On those swift and eager feet?
Nay! a haughty king was he,
And he only looked with shame
On the little childish name
And the two caligulae.

Centuries have passed away,
Error's long, dark night has flown;
Truth and purity have grown;
And in our enlightened day,
All the brightness that we see
In that life so strange and wild,
Gleams from days when he, a child,
Wore the little caligae.

Ye before whom life displays
Her long race and shining goal,
As ye strive with heart and soul,
Do not scorn your childhood's days.
But with loving thoughts do ye,
Entering on manhood's prime,
Cherish in your hearts the time
When ye wore caligulae.

Lame Isaac.

Second Prize Story

ONLY a little stone boy, and not in all two inches high. His bowed knees and clasped hands show that his real name is not Isaac, but Samuel. You can almost hear him saying, " Here am I ! " However, some childish fancy has led his young master to change the name, and, half pityingly, because he always kneels, to call him Lame Isaac.

Good comrades, these two small men. See them now at play by the window in the waning light ; the marble child and the child of flesh, almost as pale, but with bright hair and eyes that seem to enliven all this dingy room. And much it needs a spark of light ! Dark, low-browed, and cold, it scowls upon the world through two small cobwebbed windows. Displeased as it is with the world, it must be more discontented with itself. A tumble-down bed, an ancient cook-stove, one or two kitchen chairs, and a table laden with papers are all its furniture.

Some hand has been at work here, then, though, it would seem, to little purpose. Yes, for as we gaze the door opens to admit the workman, a delicate man of middle age. Laying down his bundles, he casts an anxious glance about the room, and sees the child running to meet him with outstretched arms. Then what a smile breaks over his face !

" Well, little one," he cried, catching the boy in his arms, " we'll have a feast to-night, for I've sold my sketch ! " And, indeed, it is a feast. Such a roaring fire, so much bustle about the table, and such merriment the old room has never seen before. Lame Isaac, too, must have the place of honor, where he may keep warm and overlook the preparations. Oh, the wonderful things that come forth from those brown paper packages! Oh, the wonderful appetites that are ready to devour them!

But at length supper is over, and they sit and watch the embers, the fair face pressing against the other, dark and seamed with care; the clear eyes gazing into the others, deep and wild and sad. Then suddenly the father says, "Sing me that song that mamma used to sing," and in childish tones arises that quaint old hymn, "The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know." They both remember well how, not a year ago, those words were breathed by other lips, dear lips now cold and hushed. Thinking of the absent one, by love and sorrow they are bound together with yet closer ties.

But Lame Isaac, still with folded hands, is gazing upward, and I think a gleam of joy is in his eyes. I look with him beyond these narrow walls, and seem to see a being pure and clothed in white smiling upon the twain. O, mother spirit! Watching near them still! While thou art here want cannot drive them to despair or shame.

Night is far spent. The child has been sleeping peacefully many hours, and still the father works, works with grim necessity to goad him. But his bowed shoulders, wan face, and hollow eyes show how painful and exhausting is the struggle. Suddenly the pencil drops. A great weariness has come over him, and he cannot go on. He sinks back in his chair, and feels his eyes grow dim. Yet, all at once, they shine as though with joyous recognition of some well-known face. He stretches out his arms with one long gasp, and then the weary head falls forward on the aching chest. The tired hands have laid their last great burden down. Cold grows the night, and cold the motionless form. But the child sleeps quietly on.

And Lame Isaac, still with folded hands, is kneeling, gazing upward. And I wonder at the look of peace upon his face. I wonder that he sheds no tear, until with him I look beyond these narrow walls, and see two beings, pure and clothed in white, that guard the boy. Orphan he may be to the world; we know, Lame Isaac and I, what tender care he has that death can never take away.

Vision.

In the spring-time of his manhood,
  On a faultless summer day,
Full of throbbing life, a youth stood
  Viewing near and far away;
Drinking in the mountain sunlight,
  Instinct with the fire of youth,
Stood in Nature's proudest birthright,
  Strong for God, and strong for truth.

Gazing on the outspread picture,
  Mounting e'er and ever higher,
Caught the vision of the future
  Pregnant with celestial fire;
Visions of a noble labor,
  Freedom for the sore oppressed,
Purest tastes and high endeavor,
  Cheerful life and happiness.

Felt he not the need of helper,
  Strong was he within himself;
Knowing not the coming struggle
  With its tinge of bitterness;
How the stifling air miasmal,
  Dark'ning, dead'ning, hard'ning, cold,
Made the need of higher presence
  To abide within the soul.

Passed his steps then from the mountain,
  Met the struggling world below,
Found in it a poisonous fountain
  Full of bitterness and woe.
Bitterness which seemed most pleasing;
  Glamour. blinding, dazzling show,—
Turned him from the higher vision
  To the sensuous one below.

Deep he drank from out that fountain,
  Quaffed its waters day by day,
Weak and nerveless, not accounting
  Life itself, which slipped away;
Till he stood an aged mourner,
  Feeble step and locks of gray,
Vainly longing for the vision
  Which had vanished, and for aye.

Spoke he then a warning message
  To the now oncoming youth;
Brightened with a faith-wrought presage,
  Radiant and inspired with truth.
"Follow thou the heavenly vision
  At the Galilean's feet:
Rising clearer, grander ever,
  Fashioned into life, complete."

* * *

A Tale of the Revolution.

Third Prize Story.

LAWSON applied the brake to his wheel, and dismounted. A cool, shady nook proved more attractive to him than continuing his course down the valley. The long, bold line of the mountain cut the deep azure sky in sharp definition. Mount Alandar, that most beautiful summit of the Berkshires, towered high above the narrow wagon road which winds through a rift of the mountain, clinging all the time to its sides.

Whoever has passed over this lovely mountain road cannot fail of having been impressed, yea, almost awed by the grandeur and sublimity of these formations of nature. There is, perhaps, not that rugged boldness which we usually associate with mountain scenery, but there is a certain loveliness that does not fail to escape the true lover of nature, a sort of individual majesty and distinctive beauty. The summit of the mountain towers high aloft, and its sides fall easily to the valley below. Over all is a rich, luxuriant robe of verdure. The road winds like a dusty ribbon along the high valley separating Mount Alandar from an adjoining peak. It is lined by vine-covered stone-walls and old rail-fences. The rushing stream blends its liquid notes with the moaning of the pines, and nothing disturbs the complete supremacy of nature. The shriek of the locomotive or the busy hum of the factory never reach these lofty bowers. The rythmic seething of the stream, the rustle of the leaves, or, perchance, the distant tinkle of a cow-bell are the only sounds to vary the solitude.

Through a rift on the west a panorama of rare beauty spreads forth. Far on the horizon stand the majestic Catskills, forming a huge wall against the sky, and if the day be clear a distant glimpse of the silvery Hudson is caught, winding its way through the hills. On the east side of the mountain the broad, fertile valley of the Housatonic opens like a great heavenly vista. The neighboring peaks of the Berkshires stretch north and south in wild confusion, and the view is complete. "What a world of glory!" inevitably does the visitor to these parts exclaim; and well he may.

As Jack Lawson sat under a tall maple tree beside the way, he fell into a deep reverie. Naturally a sensitive fellow, the beauty of the scene, combined with the natural grandeur of the mountain, did not fail to impress him. He was on a cycling tour to his *alma mater*, at New Haven, where he expected to revisit the beloved scenes of his college life. A dreamy look overcame his face. Lawson's heart was a very impressionable one. A bit of rare scenery, a pretty face, or an interesting tale did not fail to move him, either with joy or melancholy. All these three, although largely imaginative, seemed to have lulled him into this day-dream.

The night before, at the little village inn near the foot of the mountain, he had listened to a story of this locality, told him by a venerable inhabitant. Lawson's mind was running over this pathetic tale, as he rested so near where it was located. This story has been so thoroughly authenticated that it has risen from the level of a mere romantic legend to that of an interesting incident in Colonial history.

That blood-stained year, 1777, was a memorable one in the progress of the Revolution. The great armies under Washington and Howe were in almost constant action. They marched hither and thither, charged, and retreated like so many chessmen moving over the board. War was the cry on every side. The roar of the cannon and the more musical sound of the fife and drum filled the air with enthusiasm. Patriotism ran high. Who has not been stirred by the martial array of an army! Who has not felt his blood pulsate quicker, and his nerves tingle keener at the drum-beat, at the roar of the cannon, or at the mighty charge! Over all floated the stars and stripes, the dearest symbol of liberty and independence.

It was the beautiful month of roses. On the outskirts of the little village which nestles under Mount Alandar, like a confident little chicken under its mother's wing, stood a comfortable-looking stone mansion. It was evidently of some antiquity, as it bore a resemblance to the early Dutch architecture. A vine-covered stone fence enclosed the yard, which was entered through a massive gate. Within all was a wild luxuriance of foliage, almost hiding the house from view. There were the mountain ash trees with their bright red berries, the more stately pines and hemlocks, and the leafy verdure of a maple or two. Syringas and rose-bushes, laden with fragrant flowers, formed a bright bit of color beside the gravel walk, and great " snow-ball " bushes, all one mass of white blossoms, stood like sentinels at the foot of the porch steps. Under all stretched the verdant carpet of emerald green. The long, wide veranda was reached by a flight of stone steps. A massive oaken door, bearing the Van Stuyvesant coat of arms over its polished knocker, stood ajar. Through the doorway one might catch a glimpse of the polished oak staircase, the shining waxed floor, and the rich antique furniture. The old clock, too, stood in its accustomed corner, its great bronze hands slowly swinging themselves round, and its big pendulum majestically moving to and fro with a monotonous tick, tick, — tick, tick. The piazza was almost enclosed by a fragrant thatching of honeysuckle.

Jacob Van Stuyvesant prided himself upon the appearance of his residence as much as upon his family. He inherited from his early ancestors that love for the neat and cleanly which is so characteristic of Holland. Herman Van Stuyvesant, his father, had been in his day a prosperous merchant at New York, and old Herman, his grandfather, was extensively engaged throughout his life in commerce between the Holland ports and New Amsterdam. The extensive accumulations of the family had, therefore, come to rest in the hands of Jacob. After an active merchantile life in New York, which dated almost from his teens, he had retired from the city life and its cares, and had come to this beautiful locality to enjoy the remainder of his days with his family and books. He was an unostentatious man in spite of his wealth, and he was renowned the country over for his hospitality and good-fellowship. Many were the guests who enjoyed these qualities.

His better-half, Matilda Van Stuyvesant, was of a less genial nature. Some women instinctively draw one to them. Not so was the matron of the Van Stuyvesant mansion. She was one of the oppressively dignified and immovable women ; a woman forever suspicious of all those about her, and a woman who, by her very nature, had repelled her children from her. Her heart was unapproachable, and she failed to inspirein her children's hearts that mother's love which is so dear to all. It was even hinted by the village gossips that Jacob, himself, found his books and his friends better company than his spouse. However it was. his guests found their host far more congenial than their honored hostess.

On this particular June morning Jacob was busily absorbed with his books in his elegantly furnished library, and his wife busied herself about the little household duties which she scrupulously performed each morning with her own hands. Outside, on the veranda, the bees hummed soothingly in the sweet roses along the walk At one end of the piazza, beside a small mahogany table, sat a girl of some nineteen summers. She was deftly sewing some light fabric. rocking to and fro meanwhile. On the polished surface of the table were some sewing materials and a great mass of beautiful, delicate pink India silk. A large vase of roses stood near, and a great bumble-bee wallowed within the intricate folds of a rose, half intoxicated by the perfume.

Elizabeth Van Stuyvesant was a girl of rare beauty, both spiritual and physical. She inherited all the refinement of her mother, the intellectuality and vivacity of her father, and the general nobility of the Van Stuyvesant family. She was a womanly little maiden, possessed of a strong and independent mind. Her grace and radiant beauty, combined with these attributes, inspired Jacob, in speaking of his daughter, to say " She was the idol of his heart and the ornament of his family." Mrs. Van Stuyvesant largely undervalued her daughter's character. She regarded her with suspicion, and imagined the poor girl did a thousand wicked things of which she was entirely innocent. Her daughter naturally turned for parental love to her father. He trusted her fully. It was to him that she took her troubles, and met with a sympathizing ear and heart. Jacob loved his daughter with the highest degree of paternal affection. That affection was returned by every mark of a devoted daughter's gratitude.

A stray sunbeam coming through the ivy laved her face with its radiance, giving even more lustre to her dark brown eyes. The slight breeze gently lifted her luxuriant tresses, and lazily fluttered the little blue ribbons at her throat. Old Don lay at his mistress' feet, his head resting confidingly on her dainty gaiter. Now and then he would snap sharply at some venturesome fly tickling his sensitive sides. Then he would put his head down once more, with a deep sigh of content, first closing one eye and then the other. An occasional conciliatory word from the girl brought the respondent beating of his tail on the floor, and the gradual opening of his large, kind, yellow eyes. Don was an intelligent creature, and a great pet with his master and mistress. Mrs. Van Stuyvesant abhorred dogs, so he had been given to Elizabeth when she was quite young. His unceasing loyalty to her and his intelligence and affection for his master had so won them to him, that he was almost regarded as a person.

Elizabeth at length folded up her work in a most methodical manner. She stooped down and stroked the dog tenderly. As she rose to leave she spoke to him, and he followed her with alacrity through the hall and back into the great ktichen. This room was in the most immaculate cleanliness and order. A huge, old-fashioned fire-place and brick oven formed one side, while rows of pots and kettles and pans, hanging about the walls, betokened many an appetizing meal.

The girl proceeded to the well-filled larder and began filling a basket with eatables. She worked rapidly, laying in a quantity of the most substantial food. She also obtained a few delicacies from the great oaken sideboard, with its resplendent array of silverware and old Holland china. When her bakset was filled, she adjusted the top, and closed the drawers she had opened. The contents of the basket were peculiar. It contained quantity which would suggest a workman's noon-day repast, yet enough delicacies to savor of some picnic.

She passed out of the back door, unobserved by any one except the servants, and walked away from the house, closely followed by Don. Her step was elastic, almost buoyant, and she moved with a graceful freedom that showed sound health and bright spirits. She carried, almost tenderly, the basket she had previously filled. It was but a short distance to the wagon road which was reached by a somewhat circuitous path. Once arrived here, Elizabeth was more cautious of her movements. After assuring herself that no one was in sight, she quickly ran across the roadway, and was soon lost to view in the woods that extended in one unbroken mass up the mountain.

The peak of Mount Alandar towered high above, looming up against the sky like some mighty ruler having authority over the country beneath. A few crags cropped out from its sides, breaking the monotony of tree tops. A mountain eagle soared high aloft, and some crows were cawing violently farther down. The rushing of the waterfall and the splashing of the brook came from the ravine. Save these sounds all was quiet — but what was it?

A slight crackling and brushing sound came to Elizabeth's ears. She drew back under cover of a thick clump of hazel bushes. Don pricked up his ears and lowered his head. From beneath the foliage emerged a man of soldierly bearing, mounted upon a beautiful gray. He appeared to have scarce reached his twenty-first year, but the face was well moulded, and it showed that he was a person already well experienced in the vicissitudes of life.

The man reined in his horse, looked curiously about him, and slowly but gracefully dismounted. The girl, hidden from his view, watched his movements intently. He leaned wearily against his saddle, laying his head disconsolately upon his arms, and unconsciously assuming an attitude of the most intense dejection. A deep sigh escaped his lips. It was a sigh of the soul as well as of the body. The handsome horse stopped munching the fresh green grass at his hoofs, and turned his head around to his master with a kind, inquiring look. Then, after giving several short sniffs under the riding cloak, he resumed his eating once more.

The girl waited no longer. With a quick step she came forth from her hiding place. The fair cheeks were slightly flushed, and an expectant look diffused itself all over her face. Her eyes contained an additional sparkle from under their long lashes. At the first sound of her steps the man gave a violent start, and turned quickly on his heel. He instinctively reached for the pistol at his side. The faithful horse beside him stopped his eating, raised his head instantly, and gave a long, sonorous sniff. The hand which already rested on the hilt of the weapon loosened its grasp instantly. A countenance was never transformed more quickly. With a bright smile of welcome he advanced, and took the proffered hand with a strong, cordial grasp. It was more like the greeting of brother and sister than that of two friends.

Their welcome was warm. They both mutually expressed a keen sense of pleasure at meeting each other. She playfully chid him for his warlike gesture at first seeing her. The man explained that his duties led him to be continually on guard, and watchful of all surroundings. He was amply forgiven. The two talked with the freedom of old friends, and with simple sincerity. A few minutes of conversation, and the girl offered him the contents of her basket, and requested him to partake of it. This duty seemed a welcome one for the man. While he ate, she sat beside him on a huge, moss-covered rock.

Edwin Donchester was a man of strong character and indomitable will. His features were not particularly handsome, but they bore evidence of a well-moulded character, and of an active mind. He was a splendid type of that better and nobler class of Englishmen of a century ago. His father, Squire Donchester, owned an enormous estate near Kennilworth, and was esteemed for his geniality and good-fellowship by all the good folk in Warwick County.

Edwin tore himself away from his loved home, and amid the blessings of his parents and the tears of his sisters, he left England and its dear associations, joining Burgoyne's army. Possessed of a cool, fearless temperament, and of a genial nature, he won scores of friends among his fellow soldiers. His superior qualities soon came before the notice of the officers of the huge army. He was early offered a position of rank. This, however, he declined, but when one of Burgoyne's most trusted spies was shot, it was Edwin Donchester who applied for the vacancy. The commander, well knowing the excessive dangers of the position, hesitated in giving his friend the perilous office. He well knew that no better man than Donchester could be found, and at last reluctantly granted the request.

For several weeks Edwin had been filling one of the most dangerous and daring positions of an army, that of spy. Why is it that the majority look upon a spy with such contempt? He must be a man of the strictest loyalty to his army; he must be worthy of great confidence; and be possessed of a strong will and daring spirit.

He must be cool and have sharp wits, and be exposed to the most trying hardships and dangers on every side. His work must be performed out in the dark and the cold, away, for the most part, from friends and companions. He may go for days without food, may run hair-breadth escapes, and yet, if captured, by the rude rule of war, he is shot down like a dog!

Edwin had experienced many hardships during the first of his service. He had endured privation, and once, but for his remarkable coolness of nerve and self-possession, he would have been riddled with bullets. Of late his duties had entailed less danger and hardship. The friendship with Elizabeth had grown to be the one bright spark of human comfort in this strange land, remote from the scenes of his childhood and friends. They had met each other accidentally, some weeks before, and the strong, compassionate nature of the girl had been touched by this man, alone and friendless among so many adversaries, with no one to comfort him by a kind word or a kind act. Her simple, unaffected mind and warm heart met their counterparts in the decisive will and gentle character of the man.

Before she met Donchester, Elizabeth would have scorned the idea of having for a friend an English spy, and, more than that, being his sister of mercy, giving him food to sustain life, and comforting words to enliven his spirits. Their friendship had sprung from the purest and most genuine basis. Neither of them could deny that a firm affection drew them together in an uncommon bond of love — uncommon because it was the affection of two minds which had banished the most formidable worldly barriers, and had come simply to understand each other and love each other, as little children might do. The girl was none the less patriotic in caring for this Englishman. When she brought him food and talked to him, she did so simply for Edwin Donchester, not for the nourishment and cheer of one of Burgoyne's spies. It would be hard to say whether Edwin would have been as loyal to old England if all the Americans resembled Elizabeth Von Stuyvesant, but certain it was that he was staunch and loyal to his country and army to the last moment of his life.

Donchester finished his hearty repast. He talked of his home and of his sisters, Edith and Emeline. They talked, also, of

America and of the Americans, with their strange characteristics. The girl's brown eyes grew brilliant as she expatiated on the charms of her country, and on the advanced ideas of the Americans. She good-humoredly scolded her companion for his nationality. Edwin was staunch for his country, and held his ground firmly against the poignant argument of his fair antagonist. He enjoyed hearing the girl talk. Her conversation was both animated and intelligent. Sprinkled in with her merry wit were bits of playful banter, and with all a certain seriousness — not very much, to be sure, but which well befitted her.

Elizabeth proposed that they should walk to a cave Edwin had discovered, some distance up the mountain valley. Tethering his horse, he left him to browse on the luxuriant grass. Edwin took his place beside his friend, and aided her over the rough places. Don ran on ahead, now and then sniffing at the ground to discover, perchance, some trail which would yield him a dinner. They formed a charming picture, walking together through the clearings. The girl's graceful figure contrasted well with the man's athletic build.

The sun shone brightly, and all nature was in her June ecstacy. A quail whistled pensively in the woods below, and the birds twittered and sang joyously. Amid all this wealth of nature, the girl felt an additional affinity for her companion. The suggestion of protection and friendly communion in him had its soothing effect upon her delicate nature. The brilliant daisies and buttercups and the more refined wild roses, sprinkled here and there in the clearings, reflected their bright beauty upon her face. She was thoroughly happy. Edwin felt a rythmic unison in his spirits from everything about him. The influence of a noble girl does not fail of having its refining influence on a man. Indeed, he could not recall the time when he had experienced such an exultation of mind.

The wild ravine became more and more tortuous, and its ascent more and more difficult. Great boulders frequently lined the way, and the overhanging foliage let in little sunshine. The rushing of the swift mountain torrent lent additional wildness to the scene.

Elizabeth climbed over the moss-covered rocks and up the steep rises with agility. She was strong and healthy and accustomed to exercise. They continued far up the ravine. The roar of the falls grew more distinct, and the ascent more difficult. After a hard climb they came to a small terrace, opening upon which was a yawning gap in the mountain-side. It was partly concealed by an exuberance of shubbery, and massive rocks formed its portal. The overhanging mountain-side rose abruptly from its top. Donchester, accustomed as he was to seek some safe retreat — usually one provided by nature — had been lured into the ravine below, and, charmed with its wonderful scenery, had ascended to this cave. Here he was thoroughly safe, and here he had made his abode.

Elizabeth seated herself on one of the great stones, and gazed with rapture upon the view which unfolded itself before her. Beneath, rapidly falling to the plain, were the tree-tops, raising their boughs proudly toward heaven. Far out upon the plain stretched an endless series of farms and clearings, spread out before the eyes like a vast patchwork quilt of exquisite emerald and blue. Away on the western horizon, outlined in delicate blue, stretched the noble Catskills. Edwin seated himself beside the girl. They talked but little. The grandeur and magnitude of the scene were too absorbing.

Huge, dark clouds began to roll over the mountain-top: the sunshine no longer illumined the landscape. The vast azure sea was transformed into a dingy gray. Birds scurried skittishly hither and thither. A few warning rain-drops left their imprint on the rocks. Elizabeth and Edwin took refuge in the cavern. A large pile of pine boughs and a saddle bag, together with the embers of a fire, betokened the abode of the soldier. The cave was high and roomy. The outside light penetrated but a short distance, back of it was a gruesome abyss of darkness.

The wind increased, and with it the rain began falling, producing a watery swish as it struck the earth. The electrical disturbance was grand. Sharp, blinding flashes were followed almost instantly by the rattling roar of the thunder. How perfectly grand and awesome is a mountain thunder-storm! The dazzling bolt, the mighty reverberation, resounding from crag to crag, and the trembling of the very earth itself, as if it cowered under the mighty bombardment, form a scene as grand as it is sublime.

The two lone friends, high up in this mountain cavern, considered themselves safe from the dangers of the storm, — but were they?

Still the torrents poured down in a great deluge, and the lightning and thunder continued. Neither the girl nor Edwin felt the slightest fear. In their apparently safe retreat they rather enjoyed the violent disturbance of nature.

Suddenly, with a terrible rush and rumble, an immense mass of earth, rocks, and trees, dislodged from the side of the mountain above by the deluge of water, slid down and *over the mouth of the cave.* Tons upon tons of earth and rocks covered the entrance. The last ray of welcome light was extinguished. The awful truth that they were buried by nature in the mountain was at first overwhelming. But a moment ago they had been so happy; everything had been so bright; and now — now they were everlastingly doomed to this mountain tomb, with not even a human being to know where they had perished.

After the first great revulsion of feeling, a higher than earthly consolation came to these two trusting companions. Men and women of Edwin Donchester's and Elizabeth Van Stuyvesant's character do not cower before death when it is upon them. Many and great are the attachments of the earthly life; but there is a higher life — a life of endless peace and radiance, which to the noble and to the true shades all earthly happiness, and the prospect of entering which crowns all worldly pleasures and attachments.

These two friends, in such different stations of life, and holding such different beliefs, were to walk hand in hand into heaven, and there, among the tried and noble of all classes, be united by a higher bond than earth can bestow — a bond of heavenly communion too magnificent to comprehend.

"A power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature's dark abyss;
But when the noble pass away,
What is it, more than this —

"That man, who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return?
Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn?"

. . . .

Years have passed. A party of hunters are ascending Mt. Alandar. Far up the ravine they are following, on a high elevation, they discover a minute crevice in the rocks and earth. It is barely large enough to admit a man's body. Torches are prepared, and with loaded weapons the men enter, one after another. The lurid glare lights up the interior distinctly. The leader stops, with an ejaculation of horror. On one side of the cavern, resting against the wall, are two skeletons — one, apparently, that of a woman; the other, that of a man. The bones of a dog lie at their feet. They have remained locked together in the last, long death-embrace The sad sight speaks volumes. The bones are reverently gathered up and buried in the village churchyard. Although years have passed since they died, the village folk know only too well to whom the bones of one once belonged; and a sad home in England mourns anew the loss of its only son.

Lawson arose from his shady nook. He mounted his wheel and sped down the smooth road. The sun was shining brightly, and the birds sang cheerily. Jack thought very tenderly of a little girl he was soon to see, and he was very happy.

The Power of the Imagination.

President's Address.

IT was evening. I sat in my library, vainly trying to write an address. What was before my eyes — the lamp, paper, pencils, and such other articles as lay upon my desk — I beheld, and no more. "Things are so matter-of-fact!" I exclaimed. "What is the use of longer attempting to write? I perceive nothing but these bare realities here before me. I took one of Milton's poems from a shelf. But to me it was only so many lines of type, a mere combination of letters. I was about to replace it in its black chink upon the shelf, when bright eyes appeared shining through the darkness. "What can that be?" I thought, and proceeded to shove in the book. But over the poem, gradually becoming visible a huge bird appeared. "It is imagination," I said. And so it was; for, borne upon its wings, quicker than words, I was far away.

A battle in the time of the Middle Ages was raging. See how yonder mounted knight in flashing armor leads on his men to the fray. He falls. I hear the triumphant shout of victory from the opposing ranks. And now, oh barbarous sight! behold the slaughter! Hear the cries for mercy! They are heard, though many years afterward, for it is the twenty-fifth century. Peace is mistress of the world. Search for forts on land or men-of-war by sea, none can be found.

Again, the scene has changed, Borne in my flight to Africa, I am exploring its darkest depths. Emerging from a primeval forest, my ships are about to embark upon an enchanting lake, — but now, I am in the waters of the Arctic. The cold breath from the fields of ice chills me. Ever northward I move. At length the icy plains are crossed; and lo! an open sea, and in the midst a lofty pole; and on the top a monkey, grinning, waves his hat. But all this now has vanished. Uncover, there! I am a king, with courtiers and princes round about me. The princely robes have changed to rags, and, pauper that I am, I beg of you a trifle.

And now I turn my flight to low and sinful ends; and, as I am borne on my downward course, suddenly the creature upon which I am riding seizes me in its talons. Although the night becomes darker as we descend, and the stars one by one fade and vanish, yet I make no effort to free myself, for far below there is a brilliancy of light to which I would fain go. But soon I begin to feel its heat. I hear the sounds of weeping and gnashing of teeth. There is a mighty, smoking gate. Through it we pass. About us are all kinds of crime and punishment. The bird tightens its clutch; I feel its talons, and, as it is about to hurl me into an abyss, I realize my situation. Seizing the fowl, I struggle and cry to my God for help. Soon I am once more upon its back, and fast ascending. The stars bow to me as I pass. Higher and higher I fly, until I hear afar the sound of praise, and see the celestial city gleaming. Through the holy gates I enter into the city of perfectness, the walls of which are of jasper, and the gates of pearls. There is a river clear as crystal, and all things are full of beauty, for there is no sorrow. There is perfect purity of light, and the bonds of time have been loosed. I was pleased, and wished to remain alway; but the wings upon which I was borne gave a mighty flap. — I was in my library, while the bird was winging its way toward the books upon the walls; and as it flew a feather, flitting downward, fell into my hand. And the bird was gone, perchance to nest in Fairyland.

At least I had a subject now to write upon. So with the feathered quill I thus began:

Of all the gifts to man, none is of more value than the imagination. For without it, all that is around us presents only its bare reality, suggesting nothing; and therefore anticipation, which is so great a part of pleasure, is impossible. Imagination may fill matter-of-fact life with keenest joy; for it has the wings of an eagle, with which to carry one away from the saddest facts. Moreover, the imagination produces facts; for, as Dugald Stewart says, "The faculty of imagination is the great spring of human activity and the principal source of human improvement." When a great invention comes into being, a masterpiece of the imagination is given to the world. No great undertaking can be set on foot before a man of imagination has framed it. No general has ever been successful who could not imagine what effect his tactics would have. The imagination is the power which gives birth to the productions of the poet and the painter. What a grand storehouse of the imagination are the prophetical and lyrical parts of the Holy Scriptures, and the works of Spenser and Milton! The reason that many do not appreciate the writings of some men is, because they are lacking in imagination and cannot put themselves in the situation described. A great many instances of want of sympathy arise from lack of imagination; for to fully sympathize one must put himself in another's place. Many drunkards, we are told by scientists, are men of very little imagination; for could they foresee their situation they would never enslave themselves.

When first fallen, a man can use his imagination to rise; but long debased, he becomes its slave. Despair soon darkens his faculty. Out of his imagination rise evil thoughts, and by its aid he perpetrates crimes. From the imagination proceed false witness and blasphemies. Moreover, it deceives its victim with vanities, and destroys his appreciation of the beautiful by blinding his vision. When man is fully in the grasp of an evil imagination, he had better be in the clutches of the octopus, which can only injure his body; for both body and soul are in danger of being destroyed.

But the will is stronger than the imagination, and can direct its flight to him — even to God — who understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts. As the incense of the holy altars, the symbol of prayer, so the imagination rises on high to the throne of God, thus lifting the brute in man to a level above all other creations; for "the sound and proper exercise of the imagination may be made to contribute to the cultivation of all that is virtuous and estimable in the human character."

Therefore, above all things, one should wrestle with the imagination. Let it not debase and enslave the man; but, kept under the power of a will prompted by God, use it to fill life with beauty for others as well as for himself. By so doing, the imagination will become a princely attribute, given to elevate the temporal and to incite and support the eternal.

W. H. W.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

ON our return to "Old Phillips" we noticed many changes in the school and its surroundings. The Commons had undergone their usual improvements; the electric railroad was disturbing Andover's usually quiet streets; and. best of all, the much-needed science building was being put up rapidly. Many familiar faces were gone; but in their places were new ones. introduced for the first time. perhaps, to our dear Alma Mater. Mr. Adams had left us, and his place was filled by Mr. Forbes, of Providence, R. I.. a recent graduate of Brown. Mr. Boynton, of Newton Centre, Mass., a graduate of Amherst College had also come to take his place in the ranks of our instructors. As the term went on. it was found that still another teacher was needed to supply the wants of the school. and Mr. Austin was added to our Faculty.

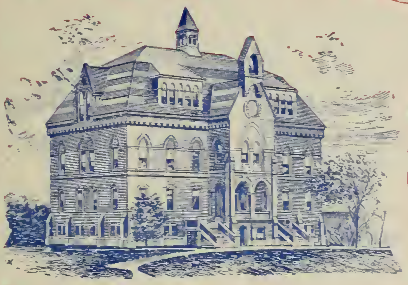
Under the able leadership of President Wadhams. the Philomathean Society has maintained its high reputation in the school for faithful and earnest literary work. The new members who have joined this term have been largely instrumental in helping on the work of Philo. Many of them are taking an active part in its meetings, and by their regular attendance are doing their share towards bringing Philo up to her old position of influence and power in the school.

The monotony of the meetings has been varied by the formation of a Mock Senate, which takes the place of one of the regular meetings of Philo every four weeks. This novelty has helped the society to gain greatly both in numbers and attendance. We have only the highest praise for the new movement, and hope it will become a means of much good to Philo. We take the liberty of expressing the sincere thanks of the society to its present officers. for the faithful work they have done this fall, and wish a like success to their successors.

Under the management of President Lake the Society of Inquiry has held its meetings regularly this fall, and has continued to do good work among the fellows of the school. The union of Y.M.C.A. and Inquiry was a good move, as all the leaders of Y.M.C.A. were members of Inquiry, and could not do as much good work in two societies as they could do by united effort in one. The four men who went to Northfield and the five who were sent as delegates to the Y.M.C.A. convention at Brockton brought back many helpful thoughts and many ideas as to the way of conducting the Christian work here. President Lake seems especially successful in bringing out the new fellows, there being fifty new members in the society. Mr. Lake should also be encouraged in his endeavor to increase the Wednesday evening meetings and to interest the fellows in them. There have been two interesting missionary meetings held this term, and the society seems in a very prosperous condition.

The Phillipian has continued to keep its good reputation among the college papers. It is on a firmer financial basis than ever before, and seems to improve from year to year.

Mr. McLaren, as editor-in-chief, and Mr. Neale, as business manager, have seen their efforts crowned with success this term. The typographical errors have been few, if any, and the paper has been out promptly. There was an extra issue on the night of the victory



ANDOVER.

NINE VICTORIES.

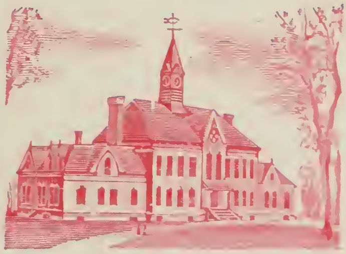
	P.A.A.	P.E.A.
1878	1 goal; 5 touchdowns.	0
1880	1 touchdown.	11 safeties.
1881	1 goal; 1 touchdown.	0
1882	3 touchdowns.	4 safeties.
1883	17	6
1884	11	8
1888	10	0
1890	16	0
1891	26	10

FOOT-BALL RECORDS

EXETER.

FOUR VICTORIES.

	P.E.A.	P.A.A.
1879	1 goal; 4 touchdowns.	0
1885	33	11
1886	26	0
1887	44	4



Andover, 26; Exeter, 10.

The fourteenth of November, 1891, will be long remembered by all loyal Andover men, for on that day Andover was again victorious over Exeter in foot-ball. The careful training of our team, the attention to details, the faithful work of all the men, especially of Captain Hopkins, were the potent factors in the victory. Their endurance, their pluck, their resolution were indomitable. The persevering work of Captain Hopkins, the example he set for his men to follow, the interest taken by Mr. Odlin in coaching the team secured for us the much hoped-for victory.

Where all did so nobly it would be unfair to make distinctions. Every man played for all he was worth. The tackling of Greenway, Sears, and Beal, the rushing of Hopkins, Armstrong, and Woodruff, the kicking of Knapp, the accurate passing of Jennings, the effective work of Perkins, Foley, and Coonley in the centre have rarely, if ever, been equalled in a preparatory school. To Foster and Robinson also, is praise due for their splendid work during the season.

The teams lined up as follows :

ANDOVER.		EXETER.
Greenway,	Rushers.	Linscott,
Armstrong,		Mayo,
Coonley,		Squires,
Perkins,		McIntosh,
Foley, Robinson,		Chapman,
Beal,		Haradon,
Sears,		Conley,
	QUARTER-BACKS.	
Jennings,		Ramsay.
	HALF-BACKS.	
Hopkins,		Arnold,
Woodruff,		Thomas.
	FULL-BACKS.	
Knapp,		Whitehead,

Referee, Mr. Perry of Harvard. Umpire, Mr. Williams, Yale, '91.

ANDOVER PRESS

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over Exeter, and it was very well gotten up. So much space is usually devoted to reports of school and college athletics, that educational matters are apt to be neglected; but, we are glad to say, the Phillipian has had a due regard for both interests.

To an outside observer it seems as if the two middle classes are not properly represented on the Phillipian Board. They must remember that it will not be long before the management of the school paper will be in their hands.

We present, as our frontispiece, a picture of our new science building, as it will appear when completed. It will cost forty thousand dollars, and will contain the physical and chemical laboratories, besides a drawing room and two recitation rooms. The latter are greatly needed, as the school is very much cramped in its accommodations for recitations. The building is admirably adapted to meet the wants of the school in this department.

We intended, also, to have cuts of the Taylor and Andover cottages, one of which is in process of construction, but we were unable to procure the necessary plans. We are glad, however, that the mass meeting of last spring aroused so much enthusiasm and interest, and it is a source of satisfaction to see the results of it before our eyes from day to day.

To Messrs. Eaton, Forbes, and Boynton, who have very kindly acted as judges for us, we wish to express our gratitude and thanks for their services. The competition this year was unusually large and of a high degree of excellence. We wish to thank all those who have aided our work by contributions, whether large or small, whether they have won prizes or not. The first prize for stories was awarded to S. O. Dickerman, '92, for his story entitled "Antonio the Painter"; A. T. Robinson, '92, secured the second prize, for "Lame Isaac"; the third prize fell to A. C. Mack, '94, for his "Tale of the Revolution." "Restored," written by A. T. Robinson, '92, won the first prize for poem; and "Caligula," by S. O. Dickerman, '92, the second. Although there was no third prize offered for poem, yet, on account of its excellence, we publish the poem entitled "A Vision," by G. H. McClelland, '94. R. M. Crosby's cut of "Philo Mirror" received the prize for a full-page cut, while his heading for "Grinds" received the prize for best heading. Hedges, '92, secured the second prize, with his cut of the "PEAquod War." The best collection of grinds was handed in by A. T. Robinson, '92. We are also indebted for grinds and cuts to E. R. Burroughs, Wilder, E. J. Woodman, J. M. Howe, and Boardman.

The Reading-room was not opened until the first week in October, this fall, but the delay was atoned for by the many improvements which the committee introduced. Perhaps the best of these was the use of binders for the papers, thus preventing loss and wear. A full line of papers is kept on file, and the committee are to be congratulated on their success in their work.

The school also deserves praise for the generous way in which it supported the committee at the auction sale of the papers. The money that was realized from that sale aided materially in securing the new improvements and conveniences.

As usual, the lectures and concerts of the People's Course have been well attended by the townspeople and the Academy students. The course this year has been by far the best we have ever had in Andover. An entertaining lecture on "Switzerland" afforded instruction and pleasure, and Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer's address on "Ideals in the Education of Our Boys and Girls" was admirable. But the lecture by President Merrill E. Gates, of Amherst College, on "A Young Man's Fortune," was noble and inspiring, and will be long remembered by those who were fortunate enough to hear it.

Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs, so favorably known to the citizens of Andover as a lecturer, is giving a course of lectures for the benefit of the Art department of Abbot Academy. Only one of these has been given thus far; but, judging from that one. the course bids fair to be very attractive. Mr. Pray, as usual ,gave a sleight-of-hand exhibition in the hall of our Academy, one evening, and the members of our sister Academy were invited. So we have not lacked for entertainments this fall.

The Natural History Society has continued to hold its meetings this fall. Considering the short time that this society has been organized, it has done remarkably well. The society has not as yet as many members as it should have; but the school year is yet young, and the society has plenty of time to increase its membership, if it only tries hard to do so.

This review of our school-life during the past term would be very incomplete without some mention of the magnificent work done by our foot-ball team this fall, culminating in the glorious victory over our old rival Exeter. To Captain Hopkins, first and foremost, is the credit for the victory due. It was through his energy and perseverance, in the face of great odds, that such a team was developed, largely from new material. In spite of the fact that the best players were being continually laid up by injuries received in practice, — some of them so that they were unable to play again this season, — in spite of the fact that the press almost unanimously predicted that Exeter would win by a large score, Captain Hopkins kept resolutely to his difficult task of developing a winning team. How well he performed his work was seen in the final contest with Exeter, from which Andover came off with flying colors, thus keeping up our unbroken series of victories in the new series of contests with Exeter.

The faithful work of the second eleven should not be lightly passed over; for without them the first eleven would have had no practice.

and, consequently, would not have been able to maintain Andover's reputation in athletics as they did. The school is also to be thanked for the generous way in which it has supported the team, making it possible to secure the very best practice-games.

Another victory was added to the already long list of "Old Phillips" when Andover defeated Exeter by an overwhelming score in tennis. Mr. Foote, P.A. '92, easily defeated his opponent in singles by a score of 6–0, 6–1, 6–1. Messrs. Foote and Archbald, both of P.A. '92, defeated the Exeter representatives in doubles by a score of 6–0, 6–0, 6–0, not allowing them to win a single game. We hope all Andover's representatives in the other branches of our athletics will apply themselves to their work with the same spirit, which does not brook defeat. Our hearty congratulations to the men who sustained Andover's reputation so nobly!

The Mirror is published, and our work is finished. It is with a sigh of relief that we see the book in the hands of the school. We have tried our best to raise the standard of the mirror, and in trying to do so we have spared neither time nor money. We have met many disappointments; yet we have done our best, and tried to remedy our defects. In closing, we thank the Philomathean Society for the trust they have conferred upon us, and wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

A Student's Letter Home.

ANDOVER, MASS.,
Dec. 1, 1891.

DEAR MOTHER:

I am sure you will be glad to know how well I am getting along with my studies. The professors are very much pleased with my work, judging by what they say. They say that they never saw a student like me before, and never expect to see one like me again. They told me, the other day, that if I kept on in my studies the rest of the year as I have begun that they would give me a special vacation, and that I could go home and stay as long as I choose, and that they would not fix any time when I should return to school. They said that would be unnecessary.

Dr. Bancroft says he does not think the climate here agrees with me, and says that unless I show some improvement pretty soon I had better leave school, although I don't want to.

I met one of the instructors last night, about ten o'clock, and he very kindly inquired for you, and asked for your present address, as he says he is going to write to you immediately about my removal from here. But don't be alarmed at my poor health, for I don't really think that there is any great cause for anxiety on that score. The doctor says my trouble is spasmodic; and the attacks come almost every Sunday, regularly, just about ten o'clock in the morning, but I am all over it by the time the boys come home from church in the afternoon.

I forgot to explain to you about those examination papers I sent to you. You saw, I presume, that all but one were marked *E.* *E.*, of course, stands for excellent, and is the highest mark given. That explanation given on the term reports about the marking is not correct, so you had better not go by it. *A* is not the highest mark, as you seem to think. It is the lowest, and stands for *abominable.*

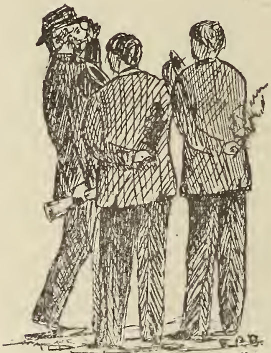
I must close now.

Yours, etc., etc.,

S. Port.

P.S. Dr. Bancroft says I had better start for home next week. My constitution is too weak to stand this perpetual strain of study.

S. P.



"OUT OF SIGHT"

Athletic Record.

EVENTS.	RECORD.	NAME AND CLASS.	WHERE AND WHEN MADE.	
100-yards Dash	10 1–4 sec.	Germer, '88, S.	P. A. Campus,	October 21, 1885
220-yards Dash	24 seconds	Woodruff, '92	Holmes Field,	June 6, 1891
120-yards Hurdle	19 seconds	Woodruff, '92	Holmes Field,	June 6, 1891
Quarter-mile Run	55 2–5 sec.	Lapham, '93	P. A. Campus,	June 3, 1891
Half-mile Run	2 min. 9 sec.	Davis, '92	P. A. Campus,	June 3, 1891
Mile Run	4 min. 56 sec.	Curtis, '90	P. E. A. Campus,	June 12, 1889
Three-mile Run	18 min. 14 1–5 sec.	Osborne, '91	P. A. Campus,	May 27, 1891
Mile Bicycle Race	3 min. 17 3–5 sec.	Armstrong, '93	P. A. Campus.	May 27, 1891
Throwing Hammer (16 lbs.)	77 feet 1 in.	Gates, '86	P. A. Campus,	May 21, 1884
Putting Shot (16 lbs.)	34 feet 1–2 inch	Perham, '90	P. A. Gymnasium,	March 15, 1890
Throwing Base-Ball	348 feet 6 in.	Aldrich, '88	P. A. Campus,	October 21, 1985
Standing Broad Jump	9 feet 8 1–2 in.	Woodruff, 92	P. A. Campus.	May 31, 1890
Running Broad Jump	19 feet	Holmes, '90	P. A. Campus,	May 31, 1890
Running High Jump	5 feet 7 1–2 in.	Sheldon, '92	P. A. Gymnasium,	March 14, 1891
Standing High Jump	4 feet 9 in.	Sheldon, '92	P. A. Gymnasium,	March 14, 1891
High Kick	9 feet 2 in.	Brainard, '89	P. A. Gymnasium,	March 14, 1891
Fence Vault	6 feet 10 1–2 in.	Woodruff, '92	P. A. Gymnasium,	March 14, 1891
Pole Vault	8 feet 11 in.	Cartwright, '89	P. E. A. Campus,	June 12, 1889

The Phillips Library.

"The Vicar of Wakefield."	*Matthews*, '94.
"The Barber of Seville."	*Moody.*
"The Light that Failed."	*Jo Merriam.*
"Not like other Girls."	*Farr*, '92.
"(S)he Stoops to Conquer."	*Perkins at Exeter*, Nov. 14.
Robert's "Rules of Order."	*L. H. Porter.*
Webster's "Unabridged Dictionary."	*H. B. Foster*, '92.
"Old Curiosity Shop."	"*Freak*" *Hildreth.*
"The Rise of (Silas) Lapham."	*Lapham*, '93.
"Innocents Abroad."	*Adams*, '95, *and Holt*, '94.
"The Woman Hater."	*Kitchel*, '93.
"The Redskin and the Pale Face."	*The two Howards.*
"Vanity Fair."	*N. L. Barnes.*
"Unknown to History."	*Jernegan*, '92.
"The First Violin."	*Hildreth, P.A.* '92.
"Ten Thousand Pounds a Year."	"*Fat*" *Little.*

“ 'T is pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print.
A book 's a book, although there 's nothing in 't.”
Mirror Contributors.

“ Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.”
Mirror Grinder

“ More trouble with the demagogue and the ring.”
From McLaren, '92.

A Washington pie, crusty enough without, but indescribably soft within. *B. F. Rice, jr.*, '93.

How he laughed with delight when you gave him a smile,
Or trembled with fear at your frown. *H. O. Wells*, '92.

To the Choir.

I.

Tua vox,
Sine jokes,
Est infanda.
Verba plain
Peto in vain;
Sint nefanda.

II.

Cum I
Venit nigh,
Mei taedet.
Non, me —
Hercule,
Possum abide it.

Aes Alienam.

Oh, for a grab at Croesus' tin!
See what a fix a Senior 's in!
A five for a cane or a ring of gold,
  Another for foot-ball then;
While papers, presents, and pictures untold
  Have left but a minus ten!

"Alas! the love of women! it is known to be a lovely and a fearful thing." *Cowin*, '93.

There was a little man,
  And he had a little gun;
His bullets were made of lead.
  He went into a yard
  To shoot at a card;
But "'Commy' caught him dead."
N. L. Barnes, *P.S.* '92

"I dare do all that may become a man." *Prep. Docker.*

"A man's best things are nearest him, lie close about his feet."
Dwight Gordon Smith. '94.

"Here 's a sigh to those that love me,
  And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky 's above me,
  Here 's a heart for any fate." *Archbald.*

"Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with smiles,
Loose types of things through all degrees."
Whitfield, '91.

"How shall we rank thee upon glory's page?
How more than soldier, and just less than sage."
Hopkins.

So frankly free,
So tender, and so good to see,
Because she is so sweet. *A Fem. Sem.*

"As frank as rain on cherry blossoms." *H. C. Merrill.*

"I have a heart with room for every joy."
George York Skinner.

"A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness." *D. G. Smith.*

"A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day."
E. C. F. McDonald.

"Some lie beneath the churchyard stone, and some before the speaker." *Philo at* 9.30 P.M.

"They say the best are moulded out of faults."
"*Ratty*" *Wright.*

"By heaven! it is a splendid sight to see,
For one who hath no friend or brother there."
Chapel Choir singing.

"The dome of thought, the palace of the soul."
Society Hall.

"Battle's magnificently stern array."
The team as they lined up at Exeter.

"I have not loved the world, nor the world me." *Wentz*, '93.

"Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,
Wished him five fathoms under the Rialto."
Coffin, '93.

"O God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing,
In any shape or in any mood." *Parker in Philo.*

"'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild."
Hitchcock at the organ.

"Like two gentlemen rolled into one." *W. G. Little, jr.*

"He trudged along, unknowing what he sought;
And whistled, as he went, for want of thought."
J. N. Bliss.

"He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book."
Forbes, '94.

"Sharp misery hath worn him to the bones."
G. Y. Skinner.

"But for my own part, it was Greek to me.'"
McClellan in Rhetoric.

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?"
E. C. F. McDonald, '94.

"What a spendthrift he is of his tongue." *L. H. Porter.*

"Not a vanity is given in vain." "*Miss*" *Barnes.*

We took the worsted sweater
From Quarter Jennings' hand,
And on our sturdy shoulders
We bore it through, with sand;
And when the game was ended
We went to him like men,
And said: "Dear Mr. Jennings,
May we carry it again?"
E. A. Bishop and A. D. Smith.

"Who are a little wise the best fools be.'" *McDonald.*

"The next best thing to being witty one's self, is to be able to quote the wit of others." *The Grinders.*

"When we seek after wit, we discover only foolishness.
Walker.

"I have more zeal than wit." *Branch.*

"A town that boasts of inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society."
Wilson, '93.

"I have eaten as many corn cakes as Sampson slew Philistines. Yes, and with the same instrument." *Hildreth.*

"Where so much difficulty lies,
The doubtful are the only wise."
Preps. in Latin Class.

The last faint twinkle now goes out. *Fem. Sem. at* 10 P.M.

He is as lively as a kitten, he is wisest when asleep;
And the general impression is, he's fresh enough to keep.
McDonald.

First flower of the earth
And first gem of the sea. *J. N. Bliss.*

There is such a charm in melancholy,
We would not, if we could, be gay. *Haydock.*

Clean shaven was he as a priest.
Armstrong before the Exeter game.

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can.
Porter, '92.

The "big three," distinguished alike for bulk and for grinding (?)
Sawyer, Little, and Perkins.

And thus he bore, without abuse,
The grand old name of gentleman. *Pierson.*

Not to be laughed at and scorned because he is little of stature.
Young.

A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams.
Leach House.

"Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof."
Adams, '95.

"Conspicuous by its absence." *Exeter's Victory.*

"Fools for arguments use wagers."
Exeter's Betting Fraternity.

"How sweet the tuneful bells' responsive peal."
7.30 P.M., *Nov.* 14.

"The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none."
Lapham, '93.

"To be strong is to be happy." *Armstrong*, '93.

"Better be unborn than untaught." *Trolle.*

"Away with him, away with him; he speaks Latin."
L. H. Porter.

"A fish called the flounder, perhaps you may know,
Has one side for use and another for show;
One side for the public, a delicate brown.
And one that is white, which he always keeps down."
Swartout.

Veni, vidi, vici. *Pierson.*

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman.
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other."
N. L. Barnes.

"I would rather excel others in knowledge than in power."
H. B. Foster.

"She was good as she was fair.
None, none on earth above her;
As pure in thought as angels are;
To know her was to love her."
The "Fem. Sem."

"Won't somebody have pity on me? I am alone in this wide, wide world." *Luther*, '95.

100-yards dash.—Present entries. "*Fat*" *Little*, "*Fat*" *Sawyer*, "*Baby*" *Holt*, *and* "*Prep*" *Hinman*.

"Comrades! Comrades! ever since we were boys."
Whitfield and Skinner.

"His hair just grizzled,
As in green old age." *Morris*.

"Gentlemen, I come from the Switzerland of America."
Duffee, '92.

Never a boy had so many names,
They called him "Jimmie" and "Jim" and "James,"
"Jeemes" and "Jamie"; and well he knew
Who it was that wanted him, too. *Neale*, '92.

"Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt."
P. R. Lester.

A new spirit of enterprise and industry began to prevail.
Odlin House after the raid.

A superior tone of education, manners, and morals prevail.
Butterfield House.

"No pains, sir. I take pleasure in singing, sir."
H. G. Strong, '92.

"Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility."
McClellan, '94.

On their own merits most men are dumb." *Blakslee*, '94.

They already furnish an exhilarating example of free rule.
Roomers in Commons.

With the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose.
Parker, '93.

"He thinks too little, and he talks too much."
R. M. Lester, P. S. '94.

"Pride in their looks, defiance in their eye."
The "Faculty."

Prof. Pettee: "What is an angle?"
Knapp: "When two lines join each other so as to meet."

The "Strong" Triumvirate:

Mark Antony, the "villian,"	*Bertie Strong.*
Octavius, the "brainy" man,	*Dickie Strong.*
Lepidus, the "fighting" man,	*Artie Strong.*

"A pretty boy, a silly boy,
A softly gliding, bashful boy."
Skinner, '93.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream." *Coles.*

Query: Is it easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than through the knee of an idol? *Hildreth.*

"Nay, then, farewell.
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting." *Wadhams.*

" And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep." *Wilcox.*

Wanted : To know what H. G. Strong sits in the choir for.

With never failing skill
He treasures up his bright design,
And work a sovereign will.
Prof. C-ms-ck.

Prof. Coy "presses the button, and he does the rest."
H. B. Foster reciting Greek History.

" My strength is the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure." *Rice,* '93.

The " Booth " of Abbot Street. *Rice.*

" Faces fearful odds
For the ashes of his father
And the temples of his gods." *Perkins.*

" The ancient law departs,
And all its terrors cease."
Afternoon study hours.

" How far that little candle throws his beams."
Jo Merriam.

" Men are but gilded loam or painted clay." *J. N. Bliss.*

" High thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy." *Colgate.*

" His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride." *Dr. B-c-t.*

"And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors." *Commons.*

"Live with wolves, and you will learn to howl."
W. L. Thompson in Morrill House.

"Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a saucy fellow."
"*Robbie*" *Duncan.*

"Nay, leave me alone for swearing." "*Texas*" *Howe.*

There in Blunt House o'er their books
Poured the fellows night and day,
But "Banty" did not like their looks
Nor the words they used to say.

"All in the village was peace." *Exeter, night of Nov.* 14.

"And he was speechless with surprise."
Lapham after a flunk.

"I'm a mucker rare.
I whoop and swear,
And nobody says me "nay."
They must open their door,
Or they'll mop up the floor,
For I'm monarch of all I survey."
Burgess, '94.

Learning is but an adjunct to oneself. *Farmer, P.S.* '93.

What! Canst thou say all this and not blush?
Wiltshire, P.S. '93.

He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath none, is less than a man. *Armstrong in the Exeter game.*

A winning way, a pleasant smile,
Dressed so neat but quite in style.
Maddox, P.A. '93.

I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other.
Sessions, P.S. '93.

Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in his own house. *N. L. Barnes.*

Appareled in magnificent attire. *Maddox.*

Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, objecting.
Porter, '92 *in Philo.*

He only murmured, he did not speak. *Cutler.*

He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. *Swartwout.*

For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale. *Clary*, '92.

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null. *Bacon* '92.

A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure.
Cheever House.

And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
Debaters in Philo.

Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait.
Whitfield and Skinner.

Let knowledge grow from more to more. *Preps.*

He multiplied words without knowledge. *McDonald.*

Set thine house in order. *Roomers in Commons, Friday.*

The labourer is more than worthy of his hire.
The grinder who gets "Thanks."

Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest, works. *C. M. Miller.*

Speak low if you speak of love. *J. N. Bliss,* '94.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child." *Boardman.*

Out of my lean and low ability, I'll lend you something.
C. M. Miller.

For our part, getting up seems not so easy by half, as lying.
Carpenter House.

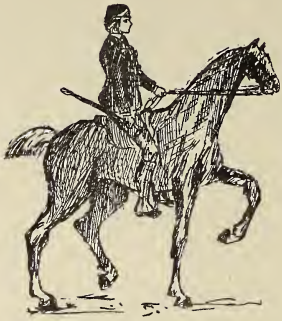
O, such a day! So fought, so followed, and so fairly won, came not till now, to dignify the times. *November* 14.

To die, is to be banished from myself. *Wilcox, P. A.* 93.

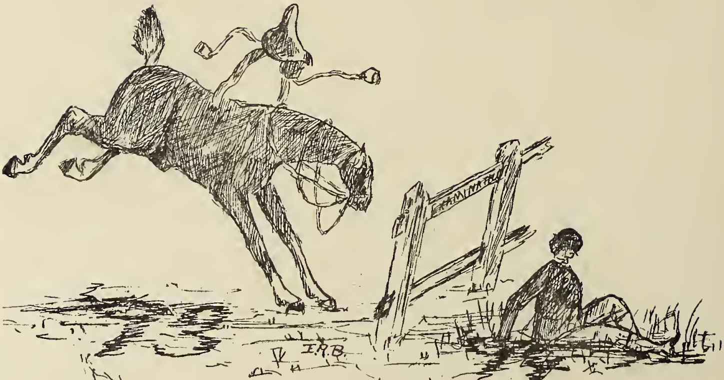
Your faces, my friends, are as a book, where men may read strange matters. *On the* 15*th of November.*

The Lord in heaven, bless thee, noble Harry.
H. Jennings.

"Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain
You have waked me too soon, let me slumber again."
Comstock, '93.



A "pony" is a nice
thing to have,


EXAMINATION
I.R.B.

But when you come to an obstacle
He may drop you.

His very foot has music in it as he comes up the stairs.
Bailey.

Some to church repair
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
Church choir.

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath, is rarely found.

Claret is the liquor for boys; port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy.
Said C. M. Miller in the parlor car.

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
Mirror Editors.

"The wicked flee, and no man pursueth."
Maddox and N. L. Barnes.

"Johnny, get your gun." *Mr. Comsotck to N. L. Barnes.*

"Sleep on now and take thy rest."
Prof. Gulliver, Nov. 15.

"All Gaul is divided into three parts."
Louis, John, and Richard Sheldon.

Don't hurt him when you fall on him. *Lindenburger.*

If "Billy" Cowin's mackintosh could speak, what two cities in the southern part of Italy would it name?
Toulon(g) and Toulo(o)use.

His smaller brother only excels him in freshness.
L. P. Sheldon.

I'm the freshest of the fresh,
I'm the greenest of the green;
I think I'm very witty,
But my jokes are seldom seen. *McDonald*, '94.

Four good Baptists.
Merrill, R. Duncan, Blakslee, and Campbell.

But thy eternal freshness shall not fade. *Halbert*, '92.

"Oh, what shall we say of this wonderful class,
Whose glory n'er passeth away?
Its history is writ in a very few words,
For there's nothing *special* to say."
P.A. special students.

"I have travelled quite a little, but have never seen anyone quite as good as myself." *J. L. Wentz*, '92, '93, *ect.*

"A kind and gentle heart he had
To comfort friends and foes,
The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes."
Clary, '92.

"For fools rush in where angels fear to tread."
The boys that fell into Rabbitt's Pond.

"You cannot rob me of free nature's grace."
Skinner, '93.

A sweet little cherub, the pride of the class. *Carleton*, '92.

Two lovely berries moulded on the same stem.
The two Merriams.

What is the end of Fame? 'Tis but to fill a certain portion of an uncertain paper. *McLaren.*

When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind.
Bliss, '94.

There was a silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath.
When Exeter was on our 5-yard line.

There is pleasure in poetic pains which only poets know.
A. T. Robinson.

If the ladies were as much in love with me as I am with them, how many hearts would be broken! *Foote*, '92.

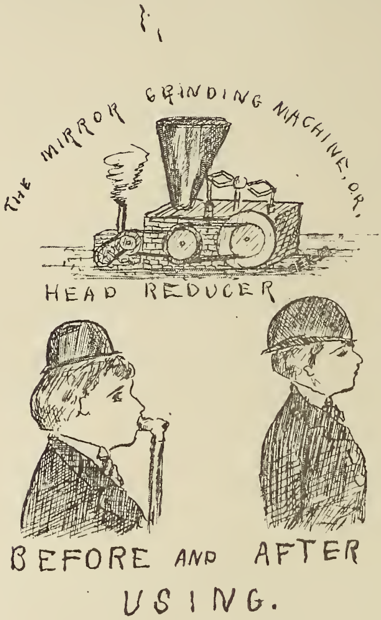
Three-fold misery. *Quimby, P. R. Allen, and Wells.*

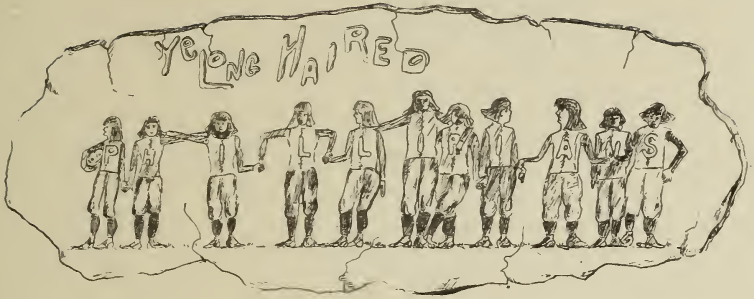
There was once a man with whiskers bold,
(Now remember, please, this mustn't be told)
As the moon was riding in the sky,
Looked calmly up and winked his eye,
And said as he gazed at the glorious night,
"Of a truth it's completely out of sight."

In his throat there immediately rose a lump,
So he hustled away to Prof. C's pump.
We thought at the time, he went for water,
But now it's uncertain what he did go a'ter.
Why his lengthy stay, we cannot contrive,
But for further particulars inquire at L. C. 2–5.

My importance in school is not questioned. *Farmer, '93.*

He spent too long a time shaving. *Maddox.*


THE MIRROR GRINDING MACHINE, OR,
HEAD REDUCER
BEFORE AND AFTER
USING.



There was a great captain called "Hop,"
Whom the whole Exeter team couldn't stop.
He'd rush every time
Right straight through their line,
In a manner that made their eyes pop.

There was a great full-back called Knapp,
Who would give the "pig-skin" a rap,
And away it would bowl,
Straight over the goal,
And light clear across the map.

"Woody" can tackle, "Woody" can run,
And "Woody" plays half like a "son of a gun."
Sometimes we grumbled
Because "Woody" fumbled;
But he always made up ere the game was done.

Andover's right tackle, Armstrong,
Hasn't played foot-ball long.
But an oath he did swear,
That he'd not cut his hair,
Till he'd helped Exeter into the "bullion."

Foley, the left guard, 'tis said,
Slugged a big man dressed in red.
It don't pay to play mean
Unless you're not seen;
And then slug your man in the head.

Captain Whitehead sent three men
With the ball 'round Greenway's end.
But so suddenly they stopped,
And so heavily they dropped,
That he decided not to do it again.

Perkins, the great centre rush,
A man built of muscle, not mush,
Would put down his head,
And go through like lead,
In a way that made McIntosh blush.

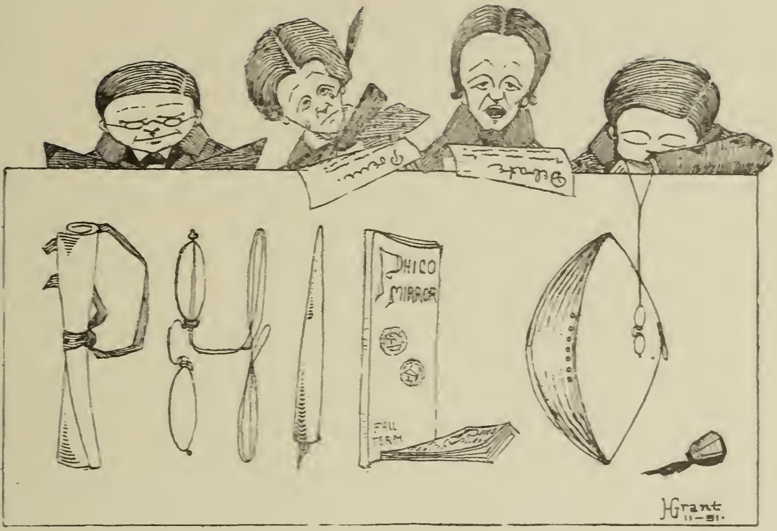
Andover's quarter-back, Harry,
Strikes blows which Exeter can't parry;
He strikes where he sees
She is weak in the knees,
In a way that gets her quite scary.

Sears stopped all the men
Which Whitehead could send;
He played a good game,
And he played just the same
From the beginning clear to the end.

Coonley played horse with his man,
As only a good player can.
He jumped on his frame
And got him so lame,
That at last the poor fellow cried "d——n."

Andover's left tackle, Beal,
Made Exeter's right tackle feel
    As though he would soon
    Slide up the flume;
And the poor fellow's blood did congeal.

PHILLIPS' POT-POURRI
K.M.C.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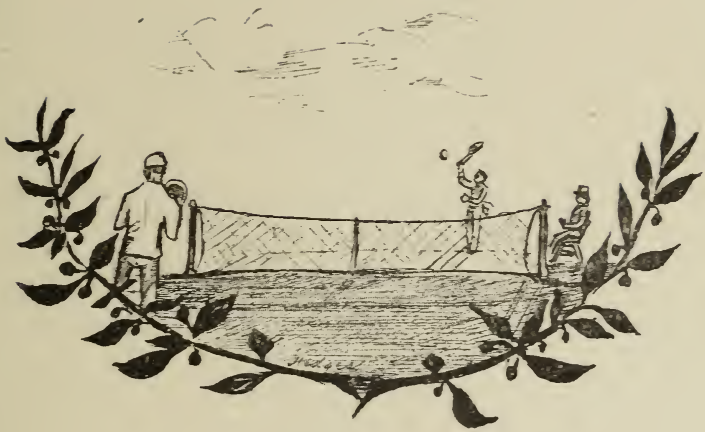

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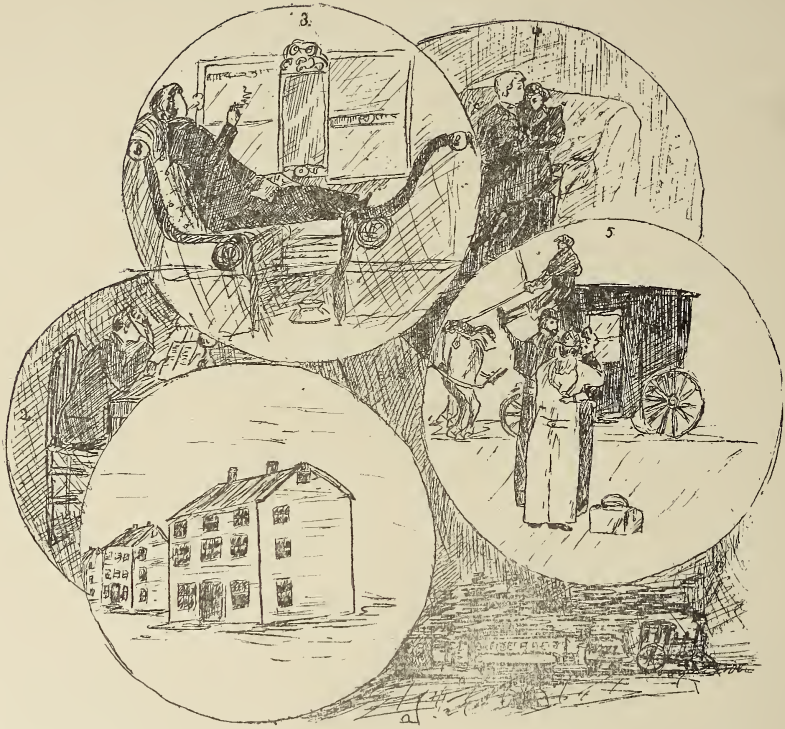
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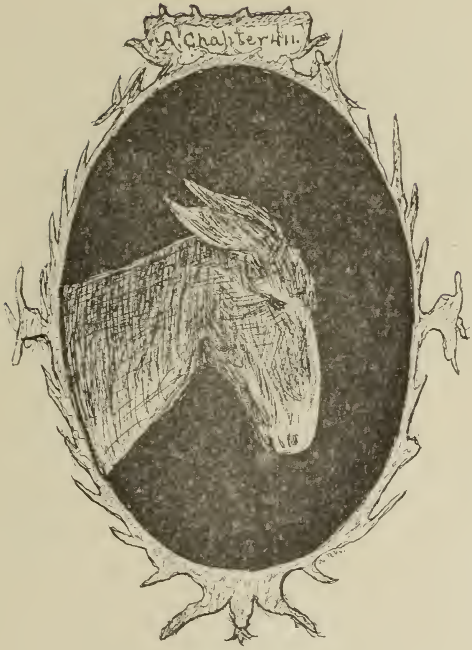
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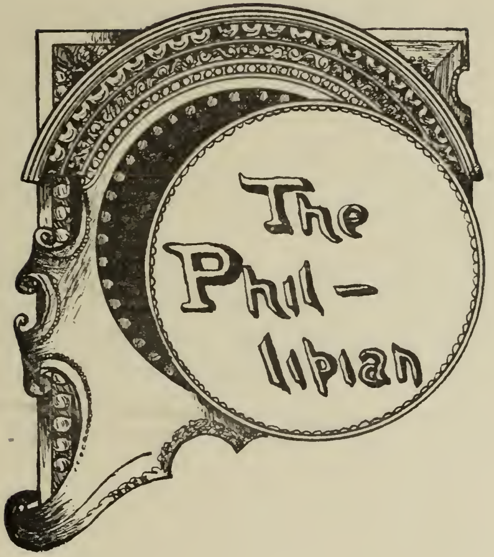

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"Mabel" Cowin.

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H. Wilcox.

FIRST BANJOS.

E. A. Nettleton. G. R. Holden. M. F. Cowdery.

SECOND BANJO.

R. D. Reed.

MANDOLIN.

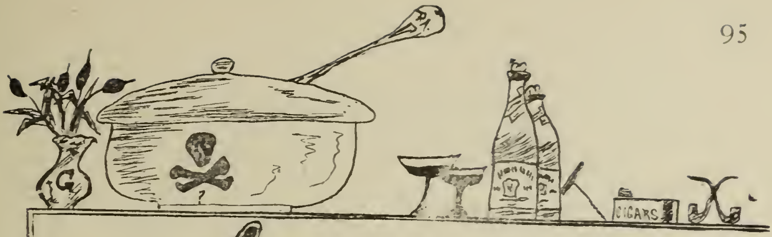
J. P. Sawyer.

GUITAR.

J. O. Rodgers.

Ye Mansion House Eating Club.

L. B. Bacon,
N. L. Barnes,
McKinley Boyle,
C. W. Bucklin, jr.,
H. R. R. Coles,
H. L. de Forest,
J. de Forest,
R. H. Duncan,
J. A. Farwell,
R. T. Francis,
O. T. Haydock,
J. H. Knapp,
Knox Maddox,
J. Nave,
B. H. Porter,
L. H. Porter,
Ord Preston,
T. F. Russel,
Arnold Scott,
F. M. Terrill,
C. E. Thomas,
A. G. Warner,
D. B. Wentz,
J. L. Wentz,
W. T. B. Williams,
G. S. Young.



Ye Tilton House Eating Club

P.A.

"Bronco" Armstrong.

"Cornet" Bailey

"Billy" Blundell

Fay Donovan.

"Patsy" Finch.

"Mike" Donovan.

"Toothpick" Hone.

"Little" (?) Little.

"Plugger" Robinson.

"School Marm" Wiley.

S.B.

Phillips Academy Foot-Ball Team.

MANAGERS.

L. W. Smith, F. E. Weyerhaeuser, F. T. Murphy.

CAPTAIN.

W. B. Hopkins.

RUSHERS.

Left.		*Right.*
Sears,	(end)	Greenway,
Beal,	(tackle)	R. Armstrong.
Foley,	(guard)	Coonley.
	Perkins (centre).	

QUARTER-BACK.

Jennings.

HALF-BACKS.

Hopkins, Woodruff.

FULL-BACK.

Knapp.

SUBSTITUTES.

Foster, Johnstone, Robinson.

Phillips Academy Second Eleven.

CAPTAIN.

H. S. Johnston.

RUSHERS.

Left.		*Right.*
Hinkey,	(end)	Hazen,
Kimball,	(tackle)	H. W. Brown,
A. G. Robinson,	(guard)	P. R. Lester.

Holt (centre).

QUARTER-BACK.

Johnston.

HALF-BACKS.

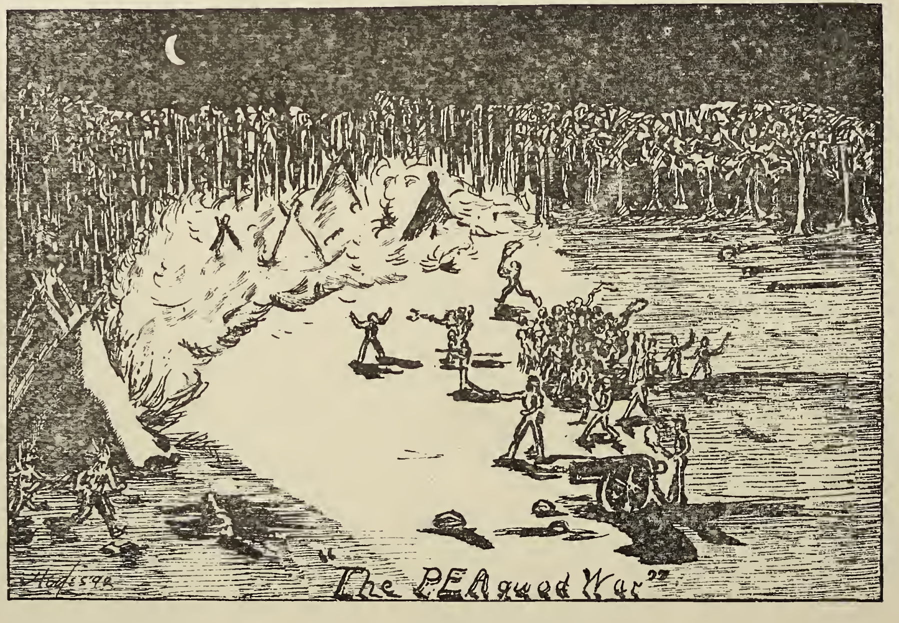
Bergner, Millard.

FULL-BACK.

Gould.

SUBSTITUTES.

S. M. Allen, Cowdery, McClellan.


"The PEAqued War"

Latin Commons Foot-Ball Team.

CHAMPION OF '91

MANAGERS.

Wilson. Brown.

RUSHERS

Left		*Right*
Cowdery,	(end)	Clark,
Duffy,	(tackle)	Allen,
Berwick,	(guard)	Quimby

QUARTER-BACK.

Johnson

HALF BACKS.

Cutler, Hazard.

FULL-BACK

Hedges.

SUBSTITUTES.

Fitts, Parker. Williams.

English Commons Foot-Ball Team.

MANAGERS.

Phinney, Skerrye.

CAPTAIN.

Fales.

RUSHERS.

Right.		*Left.*
Hazen,	(end)	Jernegan.
Trask,	(tackle)	J. Lewis,
Skerrye,	(guard)	F. Morrow.
	E. Holt (centre).	

QUARTER-BACK.

Fales.

HALF-BACKS.

Branch, Moody.

FULL-BACK.

Phinney.

SUBSTITUTES.

Fuller, McClellan, Collins.

Street Teams

Morton Street Team.

MANAGER.
Pardee.

TREASURER.
Blakeslee.

CAPTAIN.
Hinkey.

RUSHERS.

Left.		*Right.*
Young,	(end)	Hinkey,
Griffith,	(tackle)	Hitchcock.
Stevens,	(guard)	Sheldon.

Duncan (centre).

QUARTER-BACK.
Pardee.

HALF-BACKS.

Allen, Womelsdorf.

FULL-BACK.
Smith.

Brick House Eleven.

MANAGER.

"Robbie" Wilder.

CAPTAIN.

"Sweetheart" Bliss.

Left end,	"Blood and Thunder" Graves.
Left tackle,	"Colorado" Bishop.
Left guard,	"Frenchy" McDonald.
Centre,	"Hoe Cake" D. G. Smith.
Right guard,	"Sport" Mack.
Right tackle,	"Buckwheat" Smith.
Right end,	"Empty" Adams.
Quarter-back,	"Prep" A. D. Smith.
Right half-back,	"Sweetheart" Bliss (Capt.)
Left half-back,	"Deacon" Brastow.
Full back,	"Robbie" Wilder.

Total weight, 1475 pounds. Average weight, $134\frac{1}{11}$ pounds.

"Franky" Wiggen acts as sweater carrier, and Whitfield furnishes extra wind.

Blunt House Team.

MANAGER.

M. E. Stone.

CAPTAIN.

F. Weyerhaeuser.

RUSHERS.

Left.		*Right.*
Gilbert.	(end)	Crosby.
Cowin,	(tackle)	Weyerhaeuser.
Alger.	(guard)	Stone,
	Williams (centre).	

QUARTER-BACK.

Haldeman.

HALF-BACKS.

Farmer,	Platt.

FULL-BACK.

B. Barnes.

SUBSTITUTE.

“Colonel Razzle Dazzle Blue Grass” Quarrier.

Much of the team's brilliant success was due to the coach, Mr. H. Jennings. We recommend him very highly as

“A living fount of knowledge
That responds to every call.”

The finest individual work was performed by Haldeman when he resigned the captaincy.

Substitute Quarrier is a promising candidate for next year's Blunt House team.

'93 Foot-Ball Team.

MANAGERS

Ed. Sawyer, Chas. Millard, H. G. Brown.

TREASURER.

Mr. Lapham.

CAPTAIN.

H. Jennings.

RUSHERS.

Left.		*Right.*
Sears,	(end)	Greenway,
Beal,	(tackle)	Armstrong,
Foley,	(guard)	Coonley,

Perkins (centre).

QUARTER-BACK.

A. B. Bliss.

HALF-BACKS.

Hopkins, Hopkins.

FULL-BACK.

Jennings.

SUBSTITUTES.

Millard, Hinkey, Little.

School Street Eleven.

MANAGER.

A. E. Foote.

CAPTAIN.

R. Colgate.

RUSHERS.

Left.		*Right.*
G. Schreiber,	(end)	W. L. Thompson.
G. R. Hall,	(tackle)	H. C. Merrill,
C. A. Miller,	(guard)	R. Colgate.

G. D. Eaton (centre).

QUARTER-BACK.

I. Lindenberner.

HALF-BACKS.

B. F. Rice, A. J. Gilmour.

FULL-BACK.

G. C. Weston.

Butterfield House Foot-Ball Team.

MANAGER.

Ed. Sawyer.

CAPTAIN.

Harry Jennings.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

" Joe " Stone.

" Stick " Nave,

RUSHERS.

Left.		*Right.*
" Snakey " Barnes,	(end)	" Birdie " Armstrong,
" Baldy " Maddox,	(tackle)	" Windy " Bliss,
" Heff " Haddock,	(guard)	" May " Brown,

" Jakey " Sawyer (centre).

QUARTER-BACK.

" Bertha " Johnson.

HALF-BACKS.

" Willie " Cowan,

" Gummy " Bliss.

FULL-BACK.

" Corkey " Jennings.

Brown's Cafe Team.

RUSHERS.

Left.		*Right.*
Thompson,	(end)	“ George ” Canda.
“ Divinity ” Gillis	(tackle)	“ The man of letters ” Hedge.
“ Hefflefinger ” Murray.	(guard)	“ Dialect ” Taylor,

“ Fiend ” Swartwout.

QUARTER-BACK.

“ Woolly-washer ” Bucklin.

HALF-BACKS.

Oberne. “ Dutchy ” Bergner.

FULL-BACK

“ Doc.” Savidge (Capt.).

D. Robbie Barlow. manager and boodle holder.
“ Kid ” Davis, sweater and water carrier.
Austin. assistant 3d tackle.

Phillips Street Team.

MANAGERS.

C. Wilcox, C. A. Crawford, W. O. Cox, Jr.,

CAPTAIN.

W. J. Lapham.

RUSHERS.

Left.		*Right.*
P. F. Drew,	(end)	A. T. Schauffler,
F. H. Simmons,	(tackle)	W. O. Cox, Jr.,
J. F. Eagle,	(guard)	H. Buckwell,

F. T. Pierson, Jr., (centre)

QUARTER-BACK.

G. R. Holden.

HALF-BACKS.

E. A. Nettleton, J. L. Belknap.

FULL-BACK.

W. J. Lapham.

SUBSTITUTES.

Shaw, Bixler.

Salem Street Team.

MANAGER.

Barlow.

RUSHERS.

Left.		*Right.*
deForest,	(end)	Preston,
Kimball,	(tackle)	Bliss,
Taylor,	(guard)	Smith,

Little (centre).

QUARTER-BACK.

Towne.

HALF-BACKS.

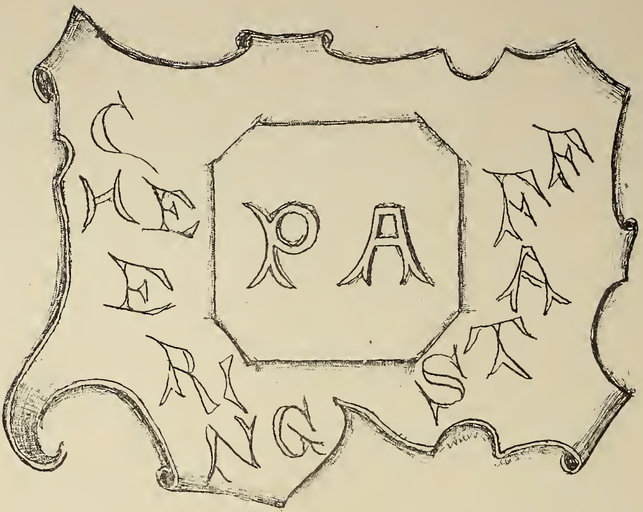
Donovan,	Bergner.

FULL-BACK.

Letton (Capt.)

SUBSTITUTES.

Oberne,	Hickman.

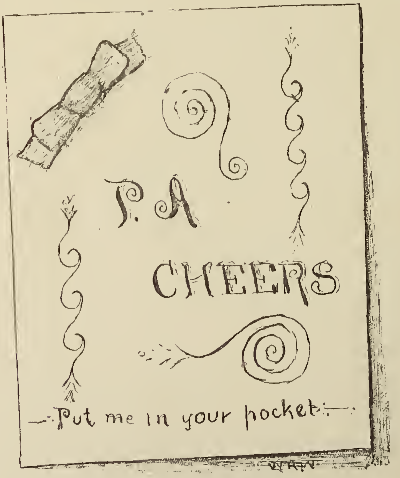

CHEERING STAFF
PA

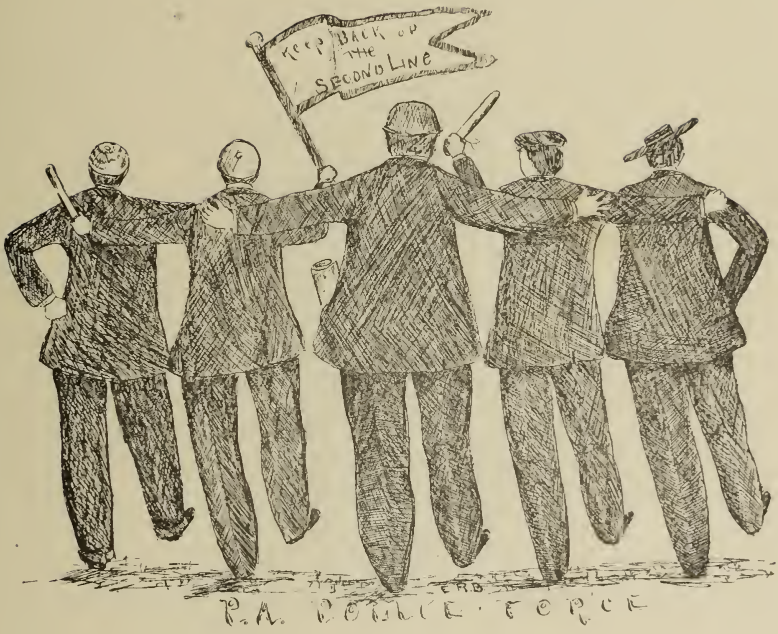
LEADER.

J. B. Neale.

ASSISTANTS.

C. A. Crawford,
F. W. Howard,
G. S. McLaren,
E. C. Sessions


P. A
CHEERS
Put me in your pocket


Keep Back of the Second Line
ERB
P.A. POLICE FORCE

CHIEF OF POLICE.

E. S. Sawyer.

ASSISTANTS.

R. Colgate,
H. J. Fisher,
L. G. Fisher,
F. T. Hooker,
M. E. Stone,
F. I. Worrall.

PHILLIPS FIRE DEPARTMENT.

FOREMAN.

J. H. Knapp, jr.

ASSISTANT FOREMAN.

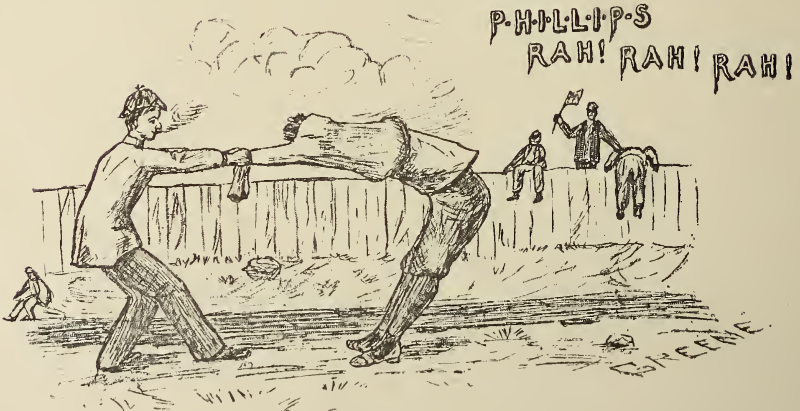
J. B. Neale.

LEADING HOSEMEN.

F. T. Murphy,
L. W. Smith,
C. H. Woodruff,
Lee Ziepprecht.

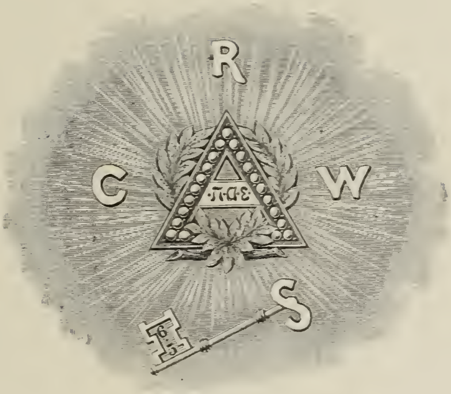
SUCTION HOSEMEN.

W. H. Gould,
W. B. Hopkins,
E. C. Sessions,
F. E. Weyerhaeuser,
F. I. Worrall.


P·H·I·L·L·I·P·S
RAH! RAH! RAH!
GREENE.

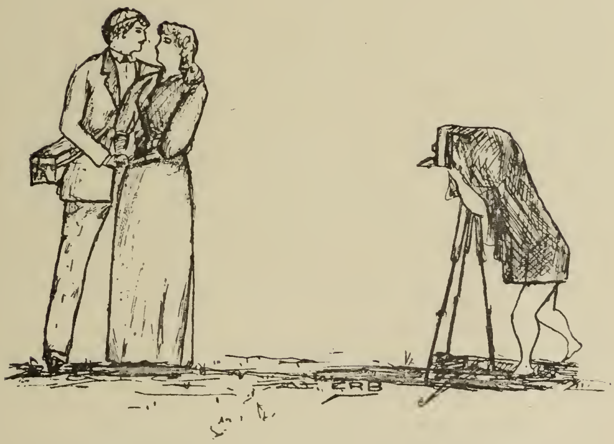
Russell A. Alger, Jr.,
Arthur H. Bliss,
Charles A. Crawford,
Edward S. Eaton,
Harry J. Fisher,
Arthur Foster,
John C. Greenway,
Lee A. Johnson,
George X. McLanahan,
James B. Neale,
Alfred D. Pardee,
Edward S. Sawyer,
George G. Schreiber,
Lloyd W. Smith,
Charles H. Woodruff, Jr.

Frank W. Conant,
L. George Fisher,
Frank W. Howard,
Percival Thompson,
George P. Savidge,
Frank I. Worrall.



Thomas F. Archbald,
Bayard Barnes,
Russell Colgate,
Franklin M. Crosby,
John A. Farwell,
Arthur E. Foote,
Robert C. Gilmore,
William H. Gould,
Edward M. Griffith,
Richard C. Haldeman,
James H. Knapp, Jr.,
Fred T. Murphy,
Lewis P. Sheldon,
Melville E. Stone,
Augustus P. Thompson,
Frederick E. Weyerhaeuser.

PROSPECTIVE.



The following clubs have not yet been organized, but doubtless will be next term.

The "Solitaire" Club.

President,	Loring Thayer Hildreth.
Vice-President,	L. T. Hildreth.
Secretary,	Loring T. Hildreth.
Treasurer,	L. Thayer Hildreth,
Members,	Hildreth,
Honorary Member,	*Mr.* Hildreth.

N.B. — This club would have been organized long ago had it not been impossible for "Hildie" to get himself together and organize by himself.

The "Smith" sonian Institute.

President,	L. W. Smith.
Vice-President,	J. D. Smith.
Secretary,	F. B. Smith.
Treasurer,	A. J. Smith.
"Crank,"	F. H. Smith.
"Patriot,"	"George Washington" Smith.
"Sport,"	F. M. Smith.
"General Substitute,"	P. Smith.

John Homer Smith has kindly consented to *turn the crank*, put out the lights, initiate the new members, and perform "general house-work," and is also the general "supe."

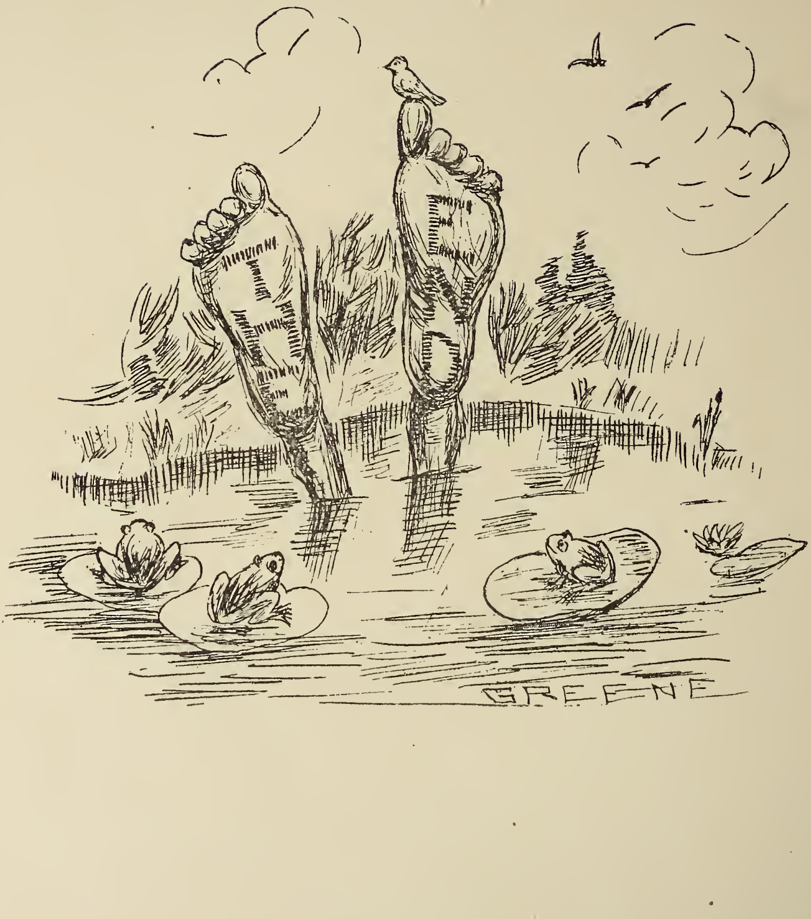
The "Brown" ing Club.

"Lord High Executioner,"	C. A. Brown, jr.
"Lord High Everything Else."	W. R. Brown.
Mascot and Critic.	O. A. Brown.
Poet and Foot-ball Player.	H. W. Brown.
Dude and Supe.	H. G. Brown.

T(h)om-cats Howling Quartette.

First Bass,	Augustus Porter Thompson.
Second Bass.	William Mitchell Thompson.
First Tenor,	Wirt Lord Thompson.
Second Tenor,	Percival Thompson.

Charles Edward Thomas has unsuccessfully tried to enter the mystic circle.


THE
END
GREENE

"Whence comes this muchness?"— CARLTON, '92.

THE BOSTON DAILY HERALD.

THE BOSTON SUNDAY HERALD.

BOSTON

HERALD!

SUNDAY

THE BEST
SPORTING, FOOT-BALL, BASE BALL
AND COLLEGE NEWS.

"Some have greatness thrust upon them."— QUIMBY, '92.

THERE MAY BE A DOLLAR OR TWO IN THIS
FOR YOU.

DROP A POSTAL TO FITTON'S TICKET OFFICE WHEN
RETURNING HOME OR GOING
TO TRAVEL.

CUT RATES

WEST AND SOUTH.

*MILEAGE BOUGHT and SOLD. RAILROAD TICKETS
BOUGHT, SOLD and EXCHANGED.*

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235 WASHINGTON STREET, - BOSTON, MASS.

GEORGE PIDDINGTON,

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FLORIST

TABLE AND STAGE DECORATOR.

CUT FLOWERS A SPECIALTY.

All kinds of floral work at short notice. Seasonable flowers and Fancy Roses — Pearle, Mermets, American Beauties. Violets, and Pansies. Bermuda Lilies. Palms and Flowers for Decorations.

SCHOOL STREET, ANDOVER.

"Woman's looks his only books." — J. N. Bliss.

Hardy, Prize Medal Artist.

PHOTOGRAPHER TO

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Phillips Academy.

WE number among our patrons classes for successive years, from the first institutions in New England. Our reputation for first-class work has been earned by years of closest attention to our profession. Our Boston Studio is a constant centre of photographic interest. Our exhibit of Crayons, Pastels, Water Colors, and India Ink Portraits cannot be surpassed. We employ the best artists in producing work of finest delicacy and finish. Prices are as low as can be found for same grade of work. We guarantee satisfaction.

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IMPORTERS, AND

SHIRT MAKERS.

DEBUSSY, MANWARING & COMPANY,

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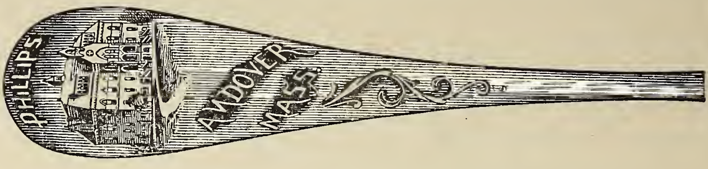
Neckwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Braces, Underwear, Jewelry, Leather Goods,
Handkerchiefs, Mufflers, Umbrellas, English Travelling Rugs,
Bath Wraps and Mackintoshes.

MR. DEBUSSY WILL BE IN ANDOVER DURING WINTER TERM.

"And yet a friend of solitude."— RICHARDS, '93.

Andover Souvenir Spoons.



TEA, $2.25. ❖ ORANGE, GOLD BOWL, $3.00.
ORANGE, $2.50.

J. E. WHITING,

MAIN STREET, ❖ BARNARD'S BLOCK. ❖ ANDOVER, MASS.

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Boston, Mass.

WEST END BRANCH, ❖ 139 COURT STREET.

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TROY

LAUNDRY.

A Merry Christmas

Is sure to come to the man who is well dressed and well fed.

HANNON

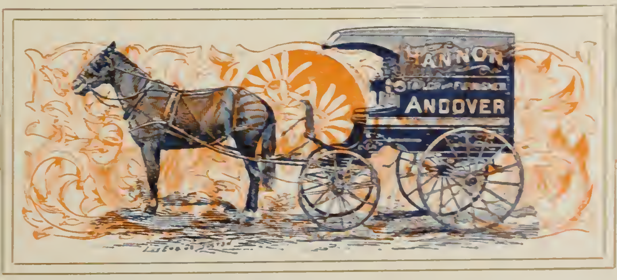
The Tailor, attends to the former for the Students of Phillips Academy with such success that his season's greetings are most cordial and sincere.

May the Christmas-tide vacation be followed by the same pleasant relations between the students of P. A. and myself that will make 1892

A Happy New Year

for the Students of Phillips Academy

P. J. HANNON.



ANDOVER PRESS

"Tua ora ut ulla res frangat?"—HALBERT, '92.

D. R. WADDELL,

TAILOR.

The Latest London Styles.

HIGH CLASS TAILORING. LOW PRICES,

15 PORTLAND ST.,

Near B. & M. Station. BOSTON. Near Hanover Street.

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WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

CHEVIOT SHIRTS.

THE LATEST STYLES FOR 1892.

NECKWEAR, UNDERWEAR, GENTLEMENS FURNISHING GOODS OF ALL DESCRIPTION.

All Kinds of Sporting and Athletic Goods.

A specialty in Blucher Top Shoes. Mr. Goodwin will be at Chapman's every two weeks.

"Books were his passion and delight."— COWIN.

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Brewer & Stevens.

TAILORS.

448 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON,

NEARLY OPP. TEMPLE PLACE.

IN STOCK AT ◆ ALL TIMES.

"Not shaped for sportive tricks."— BENNETT, P.A. '93.

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FURS AND HATS.

SPECIALTY.

The very best quality of Furs, newest styles and most thorough and tasteful manufacture.

SEAL Sacques and Jackets, Mantle Wraps, Capes and Novelties. Fur-Lined Circulars. Seal Caps and Gloves. Our Seals are exceptionally choice, and our prices are not so high as the general advance. All the Furs in popular use and every description of Fur Goods. Silk and Felt Hats, correct in style and reliable in quality.

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OF HAVING

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293 ESSEX ST., (Next to Whitney's Drug Store.) LAWRENCE.

"And yet a lover of himself."— Wirt Thompson, '94.

A Tonic

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

Prepared under the direction of Professor
E. N. Horsford.

This preparation is recommended by Physicians as a most excellent and agreeable tonic and appetizer. It nourishes and invigorates the tired brain and body, imparts renewed energy and vitality and enlivens the functions.

Dr. Ephraim Bateman, Cedarville, N.J., says:

"I have used it for several years, not only in my practice, but in my own individual case, and consider it under all circumstances one of the best nerve tonics that we possess For mental exhaustion or over work it gives renewed strength and vigor to the entire system."

Dr. P. W. Thomas, Grand Rapids, Michigan, says:

"One of the best tonics. It gives vigor, strength and quiet sleep."

Dr. H. K. Clarke, Geneva, N.Y., says:

"It has proved of great value for its tonic and revivifying influence."

Dr. R. Willlams, Leroy, N.Y., says:

"A good general tonic, and worthy of trial.

Dr. J. H. Stedman, West Brattleboro', Vt., says:

"Best tonic I ever used."

Descriptive pamphlet free on application to

Rumford Chemical Works,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Beware of substitutes and imitations.
Caution.—Be sure the word "Horsford's" is printed on the label. All others are spurious. Never sold in bulk,

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Bring Students to our store quickly. The prices we name add another advantage, and our work and style guaranteed equally as good as in Boston, should lead to a trial.

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Has always been a specialty with us. We import cloth to please the taste of that special trade, and our large variety is certainly worthy of your examination.

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HODGMAN'S
MACKINTOSHES.

M. W. MORRIS & CO.,

TAILORS,

465 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE, MASS

ANDOVER PRESS

"The dull product of a scoffer's pen."—GRINDS.

"*Antequam incipias consulto
et ubi consuluires opus est.*"

AMONG the educational institutions of New England, Phillips Andover stands at the head. Among the Stores of Lawrence, The

WARDROBE

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What makes the comparison?

The Instructors and Professors at Phillips are able and competent, and know the needs of their pupils!

The managers of THE WARDROBE are experienced, and know the wants of their customers, which includes the fine trade of this vicinity!

Fashionable Wearing Apparel. The best that can be produced.

SUITS for full dress. SUITS for semi-dress. SUITS for business.

The latest thing in Driving Ulsters and Long Cut Walking Coats, and the most elegant English Style Top Coats to be found in the city or New England.

The latest Neckwear; the most stylish.

Gloves.—Dress! Street! Driving!

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"THE WARDROBE"

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O. Chapman.

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Fruit, Confectionery, Kennedy’s Canned Goods, Blank Books, Ink, Kerosene Oil, Canned Goods, Base Ball Goods. Everything pertaining to

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Furniture and Upholstering.

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T. A. HOLT & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods and Groceries,

BASEMENT OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH,

Andover, Mass.

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DR. ABBOTT.

JOHN CORNELL.

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Franklin Coal of Lykins Valley, Hard White Ash Coal,
Free Burning White Ash Coal, Hard and Soft
Wood. Hay and Straw.

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MERCHANT TAILORS.

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Fall and Winter. Alterations, Repairing, Cleaning
and Pressing done at short notice in
a satisfactory manner.

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Fresh, Smoked, Salt and Pickled Fish, Oysters, Clams,
and Lobsters. All kinds of Fish
in their season.

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"Amor vincit omnia."— HAYDOCK, '94.

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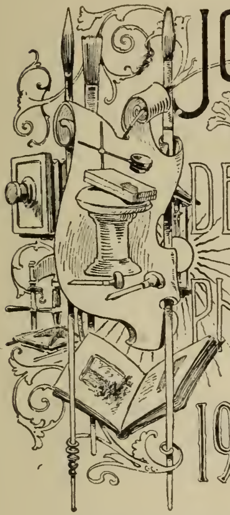

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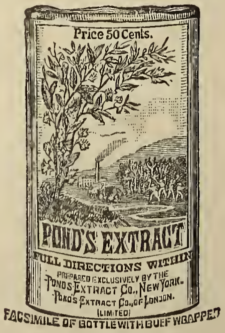
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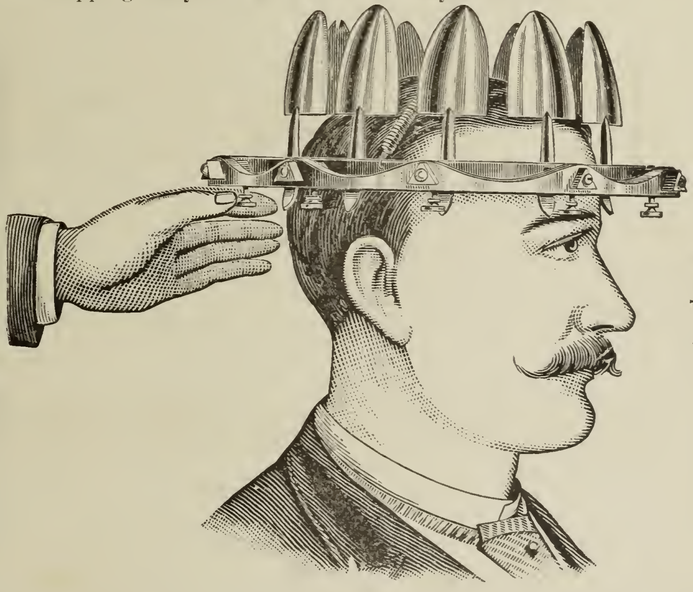

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“I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men’s stuff.”
LAUNDRYMAN PARKER.

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“His speech was like a tangled chain,
Nothing impaired, but all disordered.”—EASTMAN.

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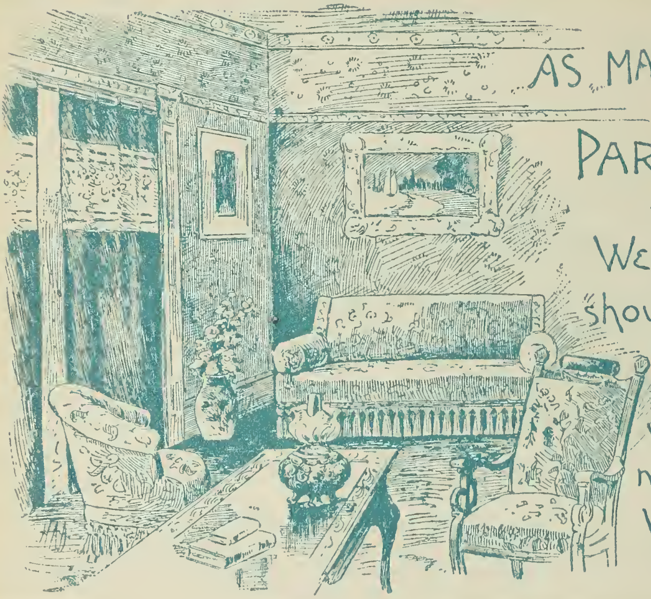

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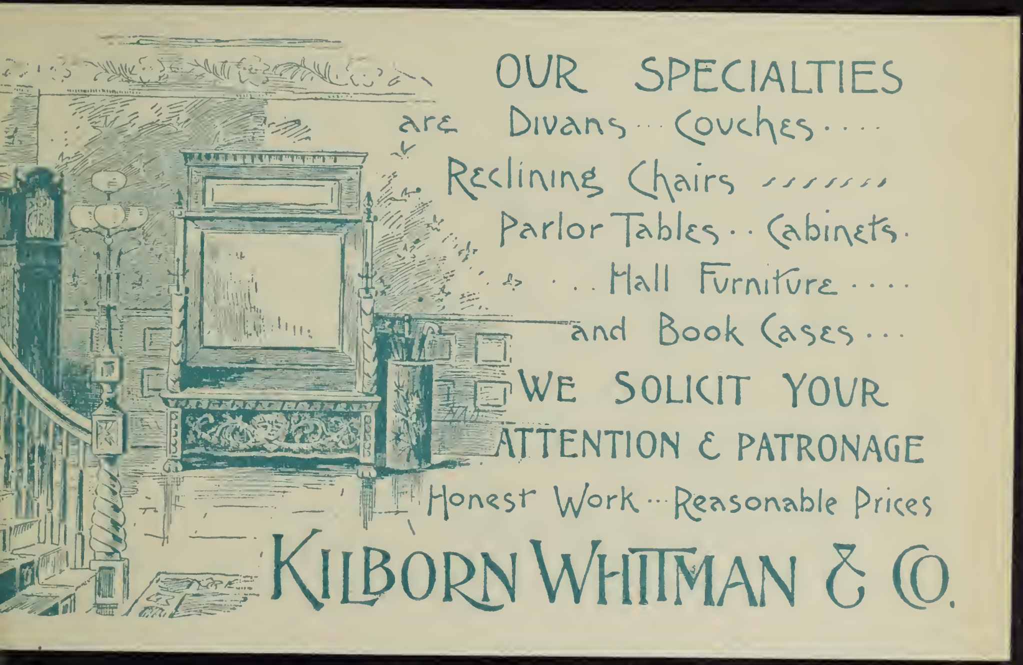

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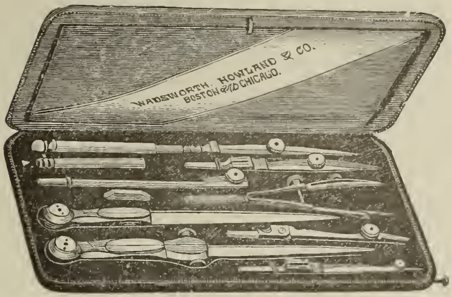
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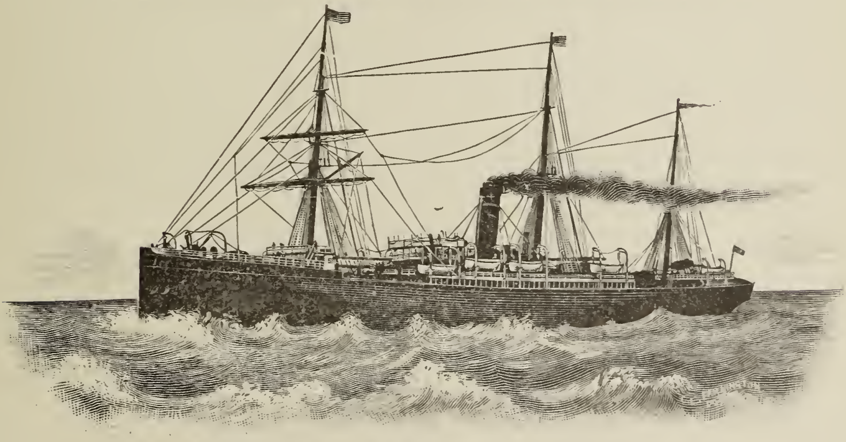

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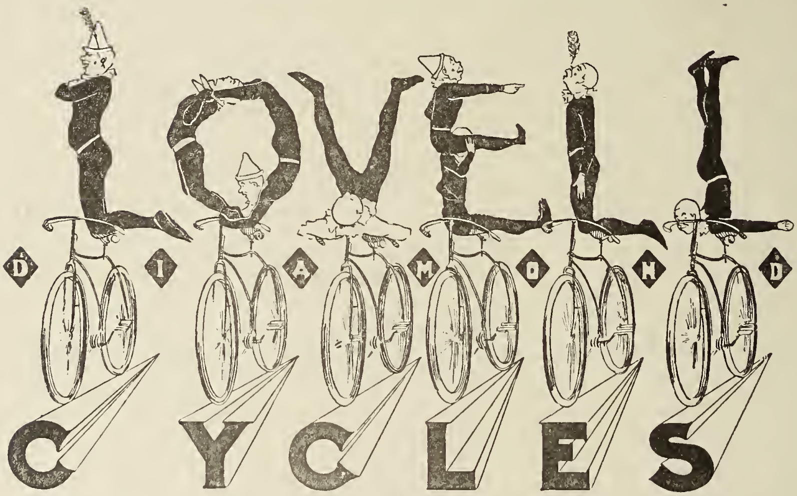

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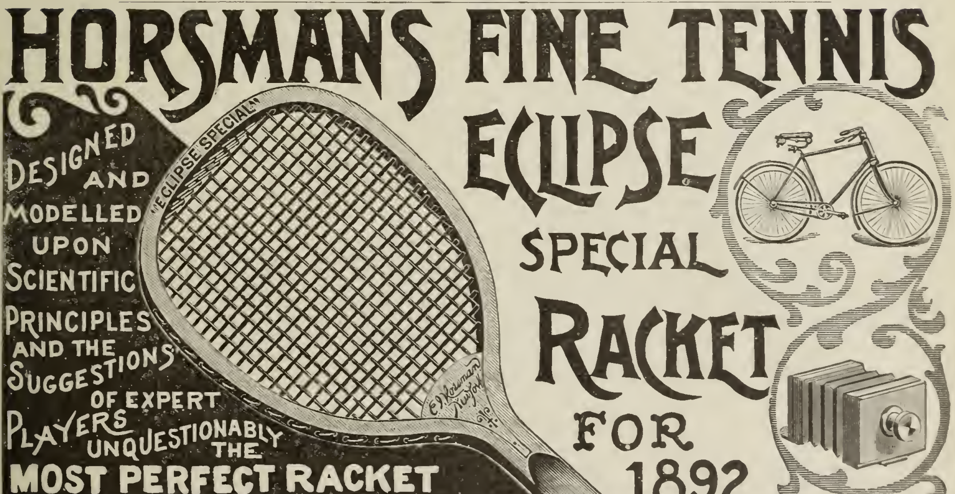

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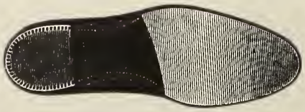

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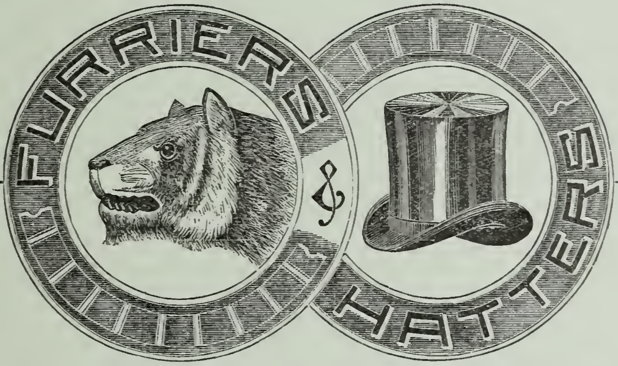
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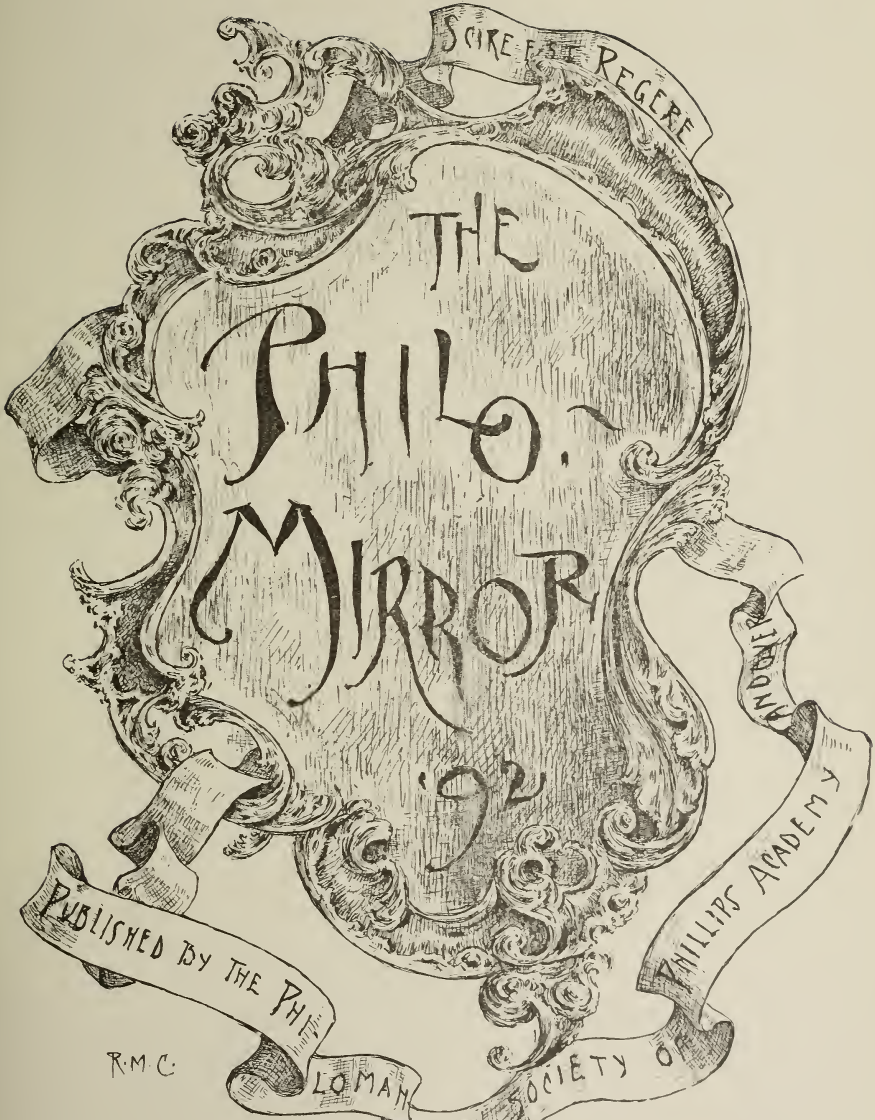
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THE PHILO. MIRROR
'92
PUBLISHED BY THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY OF PHILLIPS ACADEMY ANDOVER
R.M.C.

"And some could walk, and some could talk, but ah! how few."
—SENIORS JUST AFTER THE SLEIGHRIDE.

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Is worn by Boston's best dressed gentlemen because it commends itself to their taste and judgment. They have by personal test become convinced that for ease of fit, unfadable color and general wearing qualities it is unsurpassed. The spring styles in shapes, colors and width brims adapted for all ages are offered at the standard price of

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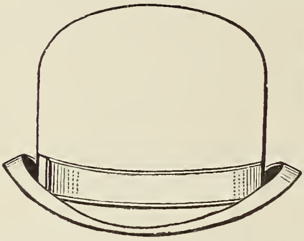

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Opposite Old South Church. ∴ ∴ ∴

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FRENCH VIOLET WOOD, BRIAR AND FINEST QUALITY MEERSCHAUM PIPES. ENGLISH BULL-DOGS, THE EXACT STYLE, PLAIN AND SILVER MOUNTED.

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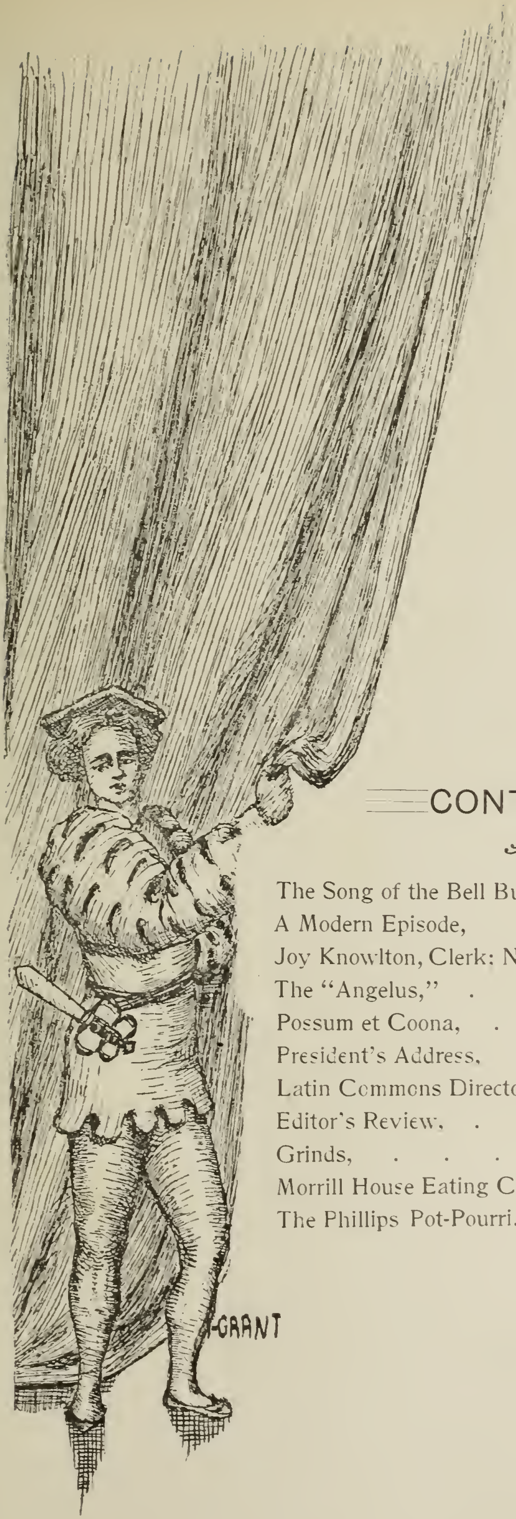

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EDITORS.

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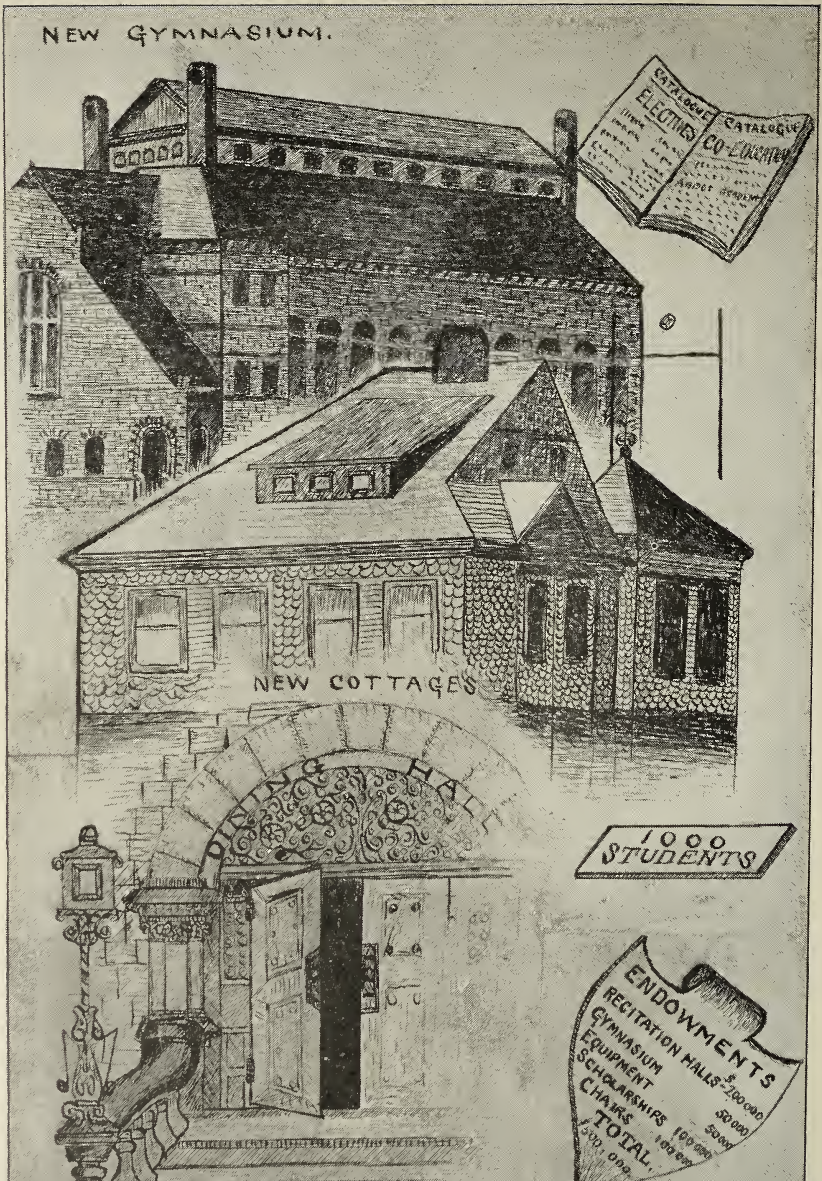
F. T. PIERSON, Jr.,

P. R. LESTER.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ENDOWMENTS
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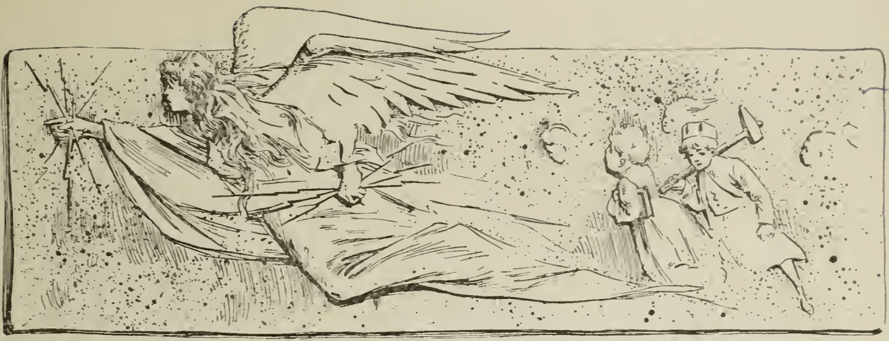
GYMNASIUM 50,000
EQUIPMENT 50,000
SCHOLARSHIPS 100,000
CHAIRS 100,000
TOTAL,
$500,000.
MACK - 92



THE MIRROR.

VOL. XXXIX. MARCH, 1892. NO. II.

The Song of the Bell Buoy.

PRIZE POEM.

I REST on the tips of the white-capped waves
Far out at sea,
And I sigh, as the waters around me flow,
And I cry, as the breezes above me blow,
Unceasingly.

The ships sail past in gallant trim.
Their friend am I.
For I call to them to no longer stay,
But hoist their sails and flee away
From rocks near by.

When the wild waves roar and the tempests rave
In the troubled air,
I mount on the billows and sadly moan,
I ride on their crests and wildly groan,
"Beware! Beware!"

As the mother rocks her child to rest
In a cradle small,
The ocean fondly hushes me
And rocks my cradle soothingly,
But still I call.

I know that rocks beneath me lie
In the treacherous sea,
So the ocean's hushing is all in vain
And I only ring out my wild refrain
Continually.

The rude winds scream and the waters roar
To drown my song,
Yet firmly and faithfully still I toll
And turn the ships from their fatal goal
With warnings strong.

More wildly and fiercely the mad winds shriek
And stronger blow,
Trying to crush me in their grasp,
But only tighter my arms I clasp
On the rocks below.

The winds die down and calmer grows
The ocean gray.
Softly it sways me to and fro,
While zephyrs catch my song and blow
It far away.

A Modern Episode.

FIRST PRIZE STORY.

JONATHAN DREXEL laid down his pen and leaned back in his desk chair, surveying with the pride of a newly elected editor, the elegantly appointed office of *The Morning Chronicle.* The apartment was worthy of Mr. Drexel's admiration. It was neat, and it was also luxurious. The windows were high above the dust and din of the street, and nothing prevented the sunlight from shining through them. The editor's desk was strewn with papers, and the files and pigeon holes were all well stocked with documents. A warm carpet covered the floor, an open grate fire lent an air of geniality to the room ; while the few choice paintings that hung on the frescoed walls evinced the fine taste of its proprietor. Indeed this sanctum seemed not an inappropriate source from which the opinions of the editor of the *Morning Chronicle* might come.

Drexel wasn't one of your "self-made" men. No doubt he would have proved a better person if he had been one. His parents were of limited means, but they had given their son a finished education. Early in his high school course, and later on at Yale, Jonathan had exhibited marked literary ability. He graduated from college with an honorable record, and left the duties of managing editor of his college paper, for the more dignified position of night editor on a large Boston daily.

Promotion followed this appointment, and Mr. Drexel's fresh and breezy editorials were leading features of the great paper. People who read them soon found what a power and charm the writer clothed his English in, and people who knew Drexel personally, recognized the fine character of the mind, which laid these sentiments before the public.

Boston was to have a new paper! That was the talk among the newspaper and literary circles all around town. And sure enough, a new paper did come out, one crisp morning in January, and the newsboys called its name lustily as they flocked from the office, and scattered down Washington street. The bright little fellows did a flourishing business that day at least.

The managers of the *Morning Chronicle* strove to offer to the people a decidedly new type of newspaper; a newspaper combining the essentials of our magazines, with the recording of the world's news in simple, pure English. They strove to eliminate from its pages all traces of newspaper vernacular; their highest ambition was to print a journal wide in its range of events described, public spirited, intellectual and literary in its editorials, pure in its rhetoric, and a newspaper especially adapted to the tastes of Boston's educated classes, rather than to her illiterate population.

With these standards the projectors, after due deliberation, chose Drexel as their editor-in-chief. His ability, it was thought, would justify the high position, and so it did.

The paper established itself on a sure footing among the other publications of the city. It took well. Its editors and proprietors had the comfortable assurance that their journal was a financial as well as a literary success.

The *Chronicle* asserted itself against political corruption, early in its career. It had freely condemned several dishonest municipal transactions in Boston, and it was preparing to strike an even greater blow to fraudulent politics, than had ever before been inflicted in the city.

Drexel discovered, by mere chance, a plot, by which a leading city official was to carry out a bold scheme, whereby the city would lose thousands of dollars and a certain ring of politicians would become millionaires. Jonathan Drexel was a man of courage, and he followed up his clew with diligence and secrecy, saying nothing to anyone about it.

His investigation was rewarded. He secured all the evidence necessary in the case, and he determined to lay it before the public, through the columns of his paper. The affair would make for him scores of enemies — that he knew well. Several men whom the public looked on as models of honesty and propriety, would be shown to the city in a new light, and some of the leading personages of Beacon Hill would be exhibited in scandal of a new character.

Drexel well considered these facts before he decided to expose the whole affair. In order to clear up his last doubt, he called on Sidney Dow, the person most concerned. He told him, without compunction, just what he had discovered and what he intended to do.

Dow turned deathly pale when he first heard how he had been entrapped, but he soon gained his usual self-possession, and laughed off Drexel's charges. Mr. Dow very naively reasoned with Drexel, in the pleasantest manner imaginable. Drexel was misinformed and there was really not the slightest foundation for his information; it was truly ridiculous. Mr. Dow, however, would readily pardon the misunderstanding and invite Mr. Drexel over to dinner. The latter held firmly to his object though. He told Dow plainly that the whole matter would appear in the *Chronicle*, the next morning, unless conclusive evidence should be given that it was absolutely untrue. Then it was that Sidney Dow lost all his self control. He gave free vent to his anger, in this way showing his guilt only too plainly. First threatening and then swearing he would make Drexel pay dearly for his impudence, he raved and ranted without restraint. Drexel didn't relish the man's state of mind and politely withdrew from his presence, reassuring Dow that he meant to carry out his intentions in full.

He returned to his newspaper office, where we first looked in on him. He put his evidence into as powerful language as he could contrive, and prepared a long editorial for the morning's issue. Every incident was reveiwed and criticised in the most thorough manner.

The task was just finished when the door boy brought in Sidney Dow's card. That gentleman was ushered into the private office of the *Chronicle* and ensconced in a large easy chair. All his usual serenity was recovered. Not the least trace of anything unusual showed itself on his face.

He began a long argument with Drexel, making use of all that personal magnetism, which some men have the power to exert over others so strongly. He chose his words with discretion, but he didn't hesitate for any of them. The consequences of the exposure would involve several of Mr. Drexel's personal friends and many of the *Chronicle's* patrons, he argued. A momentary sensation would be produced at the expense of his most influential friends, and the paper would be little strengthened by such a move. Dow debated the question so adroitly that Drexel was forced to listen to his argument, in spite of himself. The man fascinated him in a certain sense.

Mr. Dow finally clinched his points by offering Drexel the sum of one million dollars for the repression of the exposure. The wily politician said to himself, that the expenditure would pay. It would be a good investment, considering all the results, he reasoned.

In the story books, our hero would have been made to manfully refuse this enormous bribe, the moment it fell from Sidney Dow's lips, but in actual life things seldom happen in that way. Men in whom we rest our greatest confidence often weaken when we least expect. The offer almost overwhelmed Drexel at first, it would have any man. "The money will only be a sort of present, you know," said Dow, "just think, Mr. Drexel, of the benefit that sum would do you. How many luxuries you could add to your list, and imagine the charities, Mr. Drexel! Why you could feed and clothe half the street gamins in town. How noble a deed that would be!"

The strongest wills have weakened before Mammon, the noblest characters have fallen under his enticing charm. Such a great inducement to give up a seemingly slight action was too much for Drexel. In vain did he try to refuse the offer; but his will weakened, his words failed to come—he trembled under the mental conflict. He had his weaknesses, like all of us, and this one of them had been tried till it snapped under the tension. Sufficient stamina was left, however, to allow him to tell Dow that he would consider the proposition over night; and that his decision would be known by the appearance or non appearance of the charges in Thursday's *Chronicle*. Dow retired, feeling pretty certain that his move was a successful one. He chuckled to himself as he realized how nicely his reputation had been saved from the public.

Drexel's mind was in a whirl. He closed his desk and went home to his boarding house in an absent-minded, dazed mood. The rumbling of the drays over the pavement, the clang of the electric cars, the busy masses of humanity that hurried along the side walks—all these were lost to his ears. Once in his room, he turned out the gas and sat down to think before his open wood fire. The following account of his thoughts was entered by Mr. Drexel, in his diary the next day.

* * * * * * * * *

"I sat before the fire on the hearth. The flames flickered and glowed sending their lurid light out into the room, and the sap hissed and sputtered in the new wood. The warmth was soothing; it rested me.

"The firelight grew brighter around me. It was of a warm and ruddy hue. I seemed to be floating on and on through it. Someone was guiding me; I thought I could feel a leading hand in mine, but I was not quite certain.

"A voice whispered softly in my ear. I instinctively turned, and in doing so, beheld an angel, clad in pale yellow robes. Her face reminded me of those of Grecian heads I had seen in paintings and statuary. Every line of it seemed to be an emblem of knowledge and experience. The word *Wisdom* was written on her girdle in shining letters of silver.

"'There have been legions whom I have led,' said she. 'Many have come to me before you came, many have sought what you seek, but millions have perished in the attempt. There is one in this vast space we are traveling through, whom mortals have striven for since God created the world. She is the fairest of the fair, sweeter than the dew drop, which the sun kisses in the morning, purer than the lily, nobler than the noblest queen. The flowers of the field love her, the birds sing to her, God smiles upon her. No mortal can conceive of one so lovely as she. Once attain to where she is, and she will lead thee onward and upward to the very gates of heaven, to the very communion of the angelic. O! brother, seek her, toil hard and long for her. Pursue her till the last ray of hope fades away, yea even beyond that, till your very bones begin to crumble in the attempt. Farewell! Farewell! Courage brother,—Courage!'

"The angel gradually faded away in the vapory clouds, till I could see her no longer. In vain, I strove to follow where she had gone. I was alone with no helping hand to guide me now, but I soon felt myself floating onward once more. The delicate warmth died away and the rosy light merged into a dingy grey. It seemed so commonplace again.

“Dazzling lights, however, shone before my way, their brilliancy attracting me. A gay court was here! Great piles of gold coin lay heaped about the floor; massive pillars of gold towered high above; a throne of the same metal was on one side. I noticed that the throne was unoccupied. A handsome courtier came to me, with a low salute. ‘I pray of you,’ said he, ‘come in among us and taste of our sweets. On earth men slave lifetimes for the gold that lies in yonder pile. No one mortal there could ever collect the wealth here represented, yet if you but consent to join our company all shall be yours. We have fame also. To you shall fall the duty of occupying yonder throne. You shall be our king, the pleasures of the court shall be yours. I pray of you to come, dear sir, and partake of our gold and of our joys.’ I remembered the words which the angel had spoken to me and I hesitated. But, turning to the gold, its lustre caught and facinated my eye, its quantity thrilled my soul with delight — I longed to bury my hands in one of the piles. The gayety of the court, with its colors and tinted lights attracted me. A feeling I had thought long since dead was aroused. I hesitated no longer, but yielded to the courtier’s offer. Now I was sitting in the golden chair, with a crown of the shining metal upon my head. Men poured bags of money before my feet. Dancing maidens were gliding hither and thither to the sounds of varied music. All was greed, indulgence, frivolity, and about all was gold, everywhere gold! I was intoxicated by the pleasures and captivated by the brilliancies. What, thought I, can excel this beautiful scene?

“But, as I thought, it grew dark. Again I was moving onward. The night wind blew in, chill and moist from the regions below. I shivered and my feet seemed clogged. The blood ran thick in my veins, a strange roaring was in my ears. The wealth I had seen before, now seemed repugnant to my senses. I was constantly trying to count over the money and never seemed able — much as persons go over and over their daily tasks in their dreams, when the mind is troubled. As I went on, loathsome beings reached after me with their long bony arms, and dragon-like creatures hindered my progress. Sweat rolled from my brow. I was torn and tossed from place to place. The hideous objects on all sides well nigh paralyzed me with dread and loathing.

"A faint ray of light at last pierced the darkness. Through the black clouds there was a momentary break, and for an instant I saw an angel, unlike those I had seen before. She held a long silvery rod in her hand and *Justice* was written on her coronet.

"The vision vanished almost immediately and the darkness once more enfolded me. I beheld a black creature, crawling along the ground before me. It was a strange and weird thing. A murderer crossed my course with a long knife, stained with blood. His face reminded me of a fiend. I wandered on in this darkness, amid these terrible sights, my anguish constantly increasing. I gasped, I shuddered, but with a chill the whole scene vanished.

"I was now walking over a stony road. 'Go hither, and you shall find her,' said an angel at my side. It was the angel of *Penitence* who spoke, and standing by her side was the angel of *Faith*.

"As I started on my new journey, mocking laughter rang out, grinning persons pointed to my rags, others jeered at me, and the whole world seemed to send back a cold derisive sneer. The road grew steeper and narrower, till it came to a great mountain, whose sides were covered, as far as the eye could reach, with huge rugged boulders. Up this my course led and I began the toilsome ascent. It was terrible climbing. I constantly passed the bones of those who had failed before me. As I ascended they increased in number, disheartening me even more than the toil. It seemed ages that I strove gradually upward. My heart yearned for the angel that was to be mine, if I but held out. I even doubted whether she existed. But the angel of *Wisdom's* words, '*Courage, brother, courage!*' helped me on. I passed the last skeleton. My life strength was nearly exhausted.

"Suddenly my way grew smoother and easier. A breeze, laden with the most exquisite perfume, refreshed my tired spirits. Beautiful flowers grew all about me. A temple of pure whiteness shone above in the delicate light. How beautiful it was! As I looked — oh! wondrous sight — there stood the very angel I had striven to reach. She was a thousand times more beautiful and lovely than I had ever conceived. Pearls sparkled from her coronet, and she was clothed in flowing white robes. Her face was more sublime than my keenest fancy had pictured it. She stretched forth her arms to me, and her radiant smile of welcome almost paralyzed me with the joy of having her for my own. My whole soul was exultant! 'Oh! how happy I am to know that I am yours,' she said. 'Stay with me forever, never forsake me. Let me be dearer to you than any other, for no other will be truer.' She led me, and hand-in-hand we went soaring over the azure-mantled skies and up among the skyly bowers. Heavenly anthems came to our ears. They would be soft, sweet, and then break forth into triumphal notes, victorious and inspiring. God, the Father of Lights, seemed to smile upon us. My joy knew no bounds. She held my hand closely in hers, and said to me in a low, musical voice: 'My name is *Virtue*.'

* * * * * * * * *

"The fire had died down to a few glowing embers. O, must I be earthly again, thought I! Then I stood up and leaned against the mantel in deep reflection. Had not my dream taught me a very practical lesson?"

"All through the early morning hours, the great presses, in the basement of the *Chronicle* Building throbbed with unusual rapidity. A long first page article and a lengthy editorial had been brought in by Mr. Drexel. These were handed to the superintendent of the composing room, but a short time before the paper should have gone to press. Special orders had already been sent out to the day compositors, and they soon began to flock in. The incandescent lights shone down on a busy scene. Drexel, in his shirt sleeves, himself set to work with the type. All the men worked under the greatest tension, and the project was pushed rapidly on. The press-room manager had all his big presses running, and the edition came out at half-past three o'clock, as usual."

"That day's issue of the *Morning Chronicle* was a memorable one. The sensation it produced, by the exposure of the "Dow Case" spread over the whole city. Up in the Capital the excitement was universal; on the streets and at the clubs it was almost the only subject discussed. To-day the editor of the *Chronicle* has several very bitter enemies, but he is close to the heart of all virtue loving citizens."

A. C. M.

Joy Knowlton, Clerk; Number 74.

SECOND PRIZE STORY.

IT was three o'clock in the afternoon. The proprietor of *The Commercial Bazar* had dined sumptuously at eleven, his superintendent had enjoyed himself heartily at twelve, the floor-walkers had lingered after one at second hand cafés, over an elaborate bill of fare but miserable food. At two a crowd of clerks poured out of a side entrance and quickly disappeared in every direction. Yes, it must have been nearly three when Miss Knowlton came from the cloak room, and passed with wraps still on her arm into the street.

It was rather late for an employe of the *Bazar* to leave for dinner. It was later than usual for Miss Knowlton, for those who worked at her counter began work at eight in the morning, and were due at dinner when the Cathedral bells, three streets away, chimed at two o'clock. The bells never sounded sweeter to the devoutest Catholic on a Sabbath morning, than to those tired, hungry shop girls at two in the afternoon.

The holiday season was approaching, and already the show windows had taken a gay, fantastic, appearance, here a medley of toys, so extensive that one soon fancies it is a veritable land of the Liliputians. At the next block is a complete display of liquors, while just a little farther down is a magnificent collection of books, etchings, engravings and everything that gladdens the heart of the true literary follower.

It is not to be wondered, that this strange panorama, suddenly appearing, constantly enlarging, attracts and holds the attention of the rich and poor, the cultured and the uncultured alike, 'till the streets are thronged from wall to wall. Into this mass of humanity Miss Knowlton was quickly absorbed. The effort to overcome the pushing, the elbowing, the surging of the crowd, painfully increased ; and for the first time the weakness, caused by overwork and lack of food, was felt by her, and her will gradually yielded the mastery to disease. Her unsteady steps as she advanced caused no comments; her pale face, and lips tightly closed, were not noticed by even one of the crowd about her. Every step called for extra effort, and the effort caused a twinge of pain.

There is a small army of people, who are as publicly, as patiently and as surely grinding out their lives on the streets of any city, as the horses on the loaded dray or car. Now and then a gentleman notices the sprained shoulder, and bruised knees, and stops on his way home at a benevolent society for animals, and the next day the horse disappears, until it is nursed back to its full vigor. Unfortunately the wounds of the working class are concealed, they are within rather than without. When they disappear, too often they do not return. Sometimes good fortune follows them in their humble quarters, and transforms life as it did for Joy Knowlton.

She reached her room, and in spite of the rude comfort that her landlady bestowed, she sank quickly in a delirious fever. She talked gently and low, she was too weak to rave. Now she walked in the meadow, in the daisies beyond the brook; now she was going toward the village church, through the great sugar maples; toward evening she walks, but not alone, for she gasps oh! Casp—— ! and then it is the meadow and the brook again. But always in the circuit there is the half-uttered word Casp——.

After three days she was better, and a letter was handed her, one that had been waiting already some time. No one could mistake it. The peculiar tint of the envelope was characteristic of the *Bazar*. It was not a long letter. It read thus:

"COMMERCIAL BAZAR,
466 ——, 8TH ST.

MISS J. KNOWLTON.
CLERK NO. 74.

You have been absent from your position three days. You have not explained in person your intended absence. If ill, you should have sent a messenger or substitute. Our rules are irrevocable. If you care for the small amount due you, you may call at the cashiers."

"COMMERCIAL BAZAR CO."

She did not grow pale or excited, but as quietly and as carelessly as a lady does a visiting card, she laid it aside, There are times when the spirit of ambition, of duty, of necessity even, is no longer moved by the goads that society inflicts, and the whole nature rests in an ideal life of honor, pleasure and reward.

Sad it is that often the lofty impulses come only when the motive power to enforce them is lost, and what might have become a useful habit, and ended in fruitful deeds, remains simply an impulse.

Precisely in this condition she was. The future of poverty, hunger, distress, death perhaps, did not ruffle the life she was now leading, in the way that might have been, if she had but chosen the other of two ways.

In sight of her window in one direction, she saw gilded spires, extensive buildings, parks, and the avenues in them, all a beautiful tribute to landscape gardening. It was a place where the bright minds of a nation were at study. Some to benefit the world through the ministry, others to lessen the injustice and cruelty, through the protection of just law. Still others were at work that they might soothe, at least, the physical sufferings of those around them.

A few were to lesson error, by showing men the philosophy of life, a less number was to beautify and adorn life, by creating a love for the beautiful and true. All were seeking to help the unfortunate and distressed.

In another direction, she saw a beautiful spot, the trees were rarer and more luxuriant, the drives and walks were better cared for, and the sparkle of the water beyond, was more beautiful than all. It was a beautiful, but a sad spot, this Lake View Cemetery.

She thought, how, out of the city, past that other beautiful spot, the unfortunate of the city were so constantly going to their rest. How, in spite of that institution, the crimes, the sorrows, the sufferings increased, how even she might cross the sparkling blue water some day.

This she thought:

Why did not some one of those many minds strike a blow for their deliverance, though weak it might be?

Then she recalled how she had once recoiled from a life of humility for a life of fame. She remembered the evening that Casper Wiedman, slow Casper she used to call him, had simply told her that he loved her, and she had told him that she believed it, but that a life of renown was preferable to the life of a housewife. And she said she intended to go to the city the next week, to a city where there were so great opportunities for advancement and culture. He had said on parting: "You think now, that my heart is like a cage that I offer you; but if you ever wish to return you will find the door open."

She went to the city, and Casper returned to his mother's. Her career was a series of disappointments and sorrows. The city had deceived her, and she was too proud to own it, still hoping for the successful day to come.

Casper had after a while left home, and studied medicine in the University. Graduating, he established himself in his quiet manner as a charity physician, working only among those too poor to pay for a skilful physician, and too insignificant to be noticed by the popular practitioner. For his expenses he depended on the funds that he solicited among his friends, and a revenue from a society he had organized among his patients, who, after recovery, should try and pay five cents a month toward helping the work among their class. The work was broad and diversified. Sanitary conditions were reported to the city officials, the sale of illicit food was prohibited. And as often as he could, he secured honorable employment for those able to work. The effect of the work was very small at first, but it soon became more and more apparent. One evening, after a hard day's work, he was asked to come to a distant part of his ward to attend a serious, perhaps hopeless case. He wearily followed the messenger and finally came to the old tenement. He found his patient unconscious and exhausted by a prolonged fever. He worked with extra vigor and attention, because the case was fast slipping beyond his control, and because he had recognized a little brooch that he himself had designed some years before. Day after day he paid his visits, saw her gain in strength and health, yet he did not reveal his identity. One day he was seated at a small stand, preparing and deftly folding the powders for the day, when a voice behind him softly said, Casper! He turned slowly, the door was still open, and she came.

The "Angelus."

THIRD PRIZE STORY.

JOHN CLIFTON is sitting in an easy chair near the stove. It is long past the time to shut up his bakery for the night, but the light is still burning and the door is unlocked. The truth is that Clifton is too comfortable, dozing in a warm corner and engrossed in his thoughts of earlier days and of his wife and child, to wish to move. At last, however, he shakes off his lethargy, rises and walks leisurely to the door. It is his habit to peer up and down the street to see whether there is any possible customer in sight, before locking up. And, although it is unusually late, he does so now. The night is dark and cold. The howling wind whirls the snow fiercely through the air. The sidewalks are sinking lower and lower under the quickly piling drifts. But few people would venture out in such a storm! Long rows of tenements rise on both sides of the street. Here and there the faint glimmer of a candle, shining through a dusty window, shows that somebody is working while others sleep. Above is the inky blackness, from which the pure white flakes descend. Below, everything is desolate. Traffic has ceased and no wagons have passed this way for some time. All is quiet, except for the whistling of the wind. The policeman, leaning against the lamp post on the corner, is the only living being in sight.

A feeling of loneliness steals over the baker as he looks around him. It was on just such a night as this that he had last seen his wife and child. He wonders where they are, whether they still love him, whether they are thinking of him now. Would that he might see them once again and make all right once more! With such thoughts Clifton turns his back on the night and is about to shut and lock the door, when he hears right behind him a feeble " Paper, sir?" The tone tells that the speaker is trying to resist the cold and conquer his feelings of disappointment and despair. Looking around, Clifton sees a little lame boy carrying a large bundle of papers under his arm and looking wistfully at the bread in the show case. Perhaps it is the thought of his own son in such a plight, or it may be only the pity aroused by the sight of the sad young face, which makes Clifton call the child into the store and lead him to the fire.

After the little lad has taken his seat in the easy chair and has laid his crutches down beside him on the floor, he answers Clifton's questions. "His name is Hans. His mother is sick, very sick, and must have something to eat. He has been unable to sell his papers on account of the storm, and so must go back and tell his mother that he has nothing for her to eat." The child can control himself no longer. The thought of his mother's pale face and hungry eyes overcomes him, and the tears course down his cheeks unchecked. Clifton is also moved. The thin, sharp face of the boy, his wistful serious look and the marks of pain, and sorrow, and anxiety and care, which ill befit one so young; all these touch him deeply. But there is something else besides pity which makes him sooth the boy and give him, in exchange for his papers, a purse filled with change and an armful of bread for his mother; something else, which leads him to put on his great coat and follow Hans through the wind and snow.

Little Hans goes homeward with a heavy heart. In spite of the money and food, he is not happy. How can he be? Is not his mother dying, — dying, to leave him all alone? But, as he enters a miserable tenement house and climbs the rickety stairs, he tries to cheer up. He must be bright now for his mother's sake. He enters a room in the garret. It is very dark and cold. The wind shakes the window like a rattle and pierces the thin walls. Setting down his bundle of bread he strikes a match and lights a candle. A rusty stove, a broken down chair and an old mattress are the only articles of furniture in the room. A print of the "Angelus" is the single decoration of which the grimly staring walls can boast, and even this is the relic of better days. On the mattress in the corner is his mother. She says nothing as Hans enters the room, but a slight motion shows that she is unconscious of his presence.

A sad history this woman has had. Once she was the belle of a large town in Holland. Her father was very rich and she had been brought up to have everything that she wished. She was not spoiled by this luxury, however. On the other hand, it was as much due to her fine character, as to her wealth and beautiful features, that so many suitors offered themselves to her. At last she gave her heart to a young Englishman, who seemed to be all that could be desired. But he turned out, contrary to the expectations of all, to be a defaulter. When misfortune overtook the young couple he deserted his wife in the streets of New York, after she had given birth to a fine young boy, whom she named Hans, in memory of her father.

Left alone, dependent, for the first time in her life, upon her own exertions, the mother was in great distress. Brought up, as she was, in a wealthy home, where she had never done a bit of work, she found it very difficult to support herself. At first there seemed to be nothing to do. She did not know how to sew and she was too weak for any other work. But, in this extremity, the woman's noble character showed itself. Instead of giving up she determined to learn to sew. After great exertions she finally conquered and began to save a little money over what she needed to live on. So prosperous, indeed, did she become that she was about to give up making shirts and go into dress making when an accident occurred which destroyed all her hopes.

Hans, who was now four years old, was run over in the street by a heavy beer wagon. He was brought home in an insensible condition and it was decided that to save him the right leg must be cut off. His mother refused to have him removed to the hospital, so all the care devolved upon her. She was forced to give up her work and to give her time entirely to him. For many weeks he did not seem to improve. At last he began to gain strength but his recovery was very slow.

Many times during his convalescence Hans sat propped up in bed and gazed at the 'Angelus.' He often seemed to hear the sweet music of the bells, and the figures bowed their heads at the sound. Many times his mother sat with him and told him about Holland : and from Holland their thoughts turned to the father, and then their eyes filled with tears, for all ill-will against him had long since disappeared and now nothing but pity and love remained for the one who had so cruelly deceived and forsaken them. After, they knelt together and prayed ; prayed

God to keep him from sin and death; prayed that he might be brought back to them in safety. And while they prayed the figures in the 'Angelus' also bowed their heads. Yes, these figures seemed to watch over and protect the little Hans. They cast their influence over all who came into the room and whenever any sorrow befell either the mother or the son, their faces seemed to grow sad and anxious.

When Hans had so far recovered, that his mother was able to leave him alone, she returned to her work. All her savings had been expended for him, so now she must again make shirts. But the wages had been reduced. Cheap foreign labor had forced down the pay and fierce competition had silenced all the feelings of mercy in the employers. She soon found that in spite of her efforts she could not gain enough to feed herself and her child. Piece by piece the furniture was sold. Lower and lower sank the heads in the 'Angelus.' At last nothing more remained to sell, and just at this crisis the mother herself broke down from overwork and anxiety. Hans was compelled to get up from the sick bed and to hobble around on crutches in order to sell papers for their support.

But the long sustained strain had told greatly on his mother's constitution. Her strength was entirely gone and she failed rapidly. Now she is dying, to leave her son, fatherless and motherless, to the mercy of the cruel world! Ah! that the father would come back before it is too late!

Hans walks to his mother's side. He has seen too many souls escape from their earthly fetters to mistake the meaning of that far away look on her pale face. He knows only too well that she will never again tell him of his father. Overcome by his grieve he lets his head fall on to his mother's icy hand. Bitter tears flow from his eyes, tears of sorrow and despair. But soon she seems to gain strength and now she is trying to speak. The words are indistinct. "Oh, God! — keep — Hans! — James! — forgive ——— " She falters and says no more. The tired spirit has escaped. But her husband has heard her forgiveness from her own lips.

As the bells ring out the midnight hour the figures in the 'Angelus' raise their heads and gaze at the sad scene before them. There by the side of the dead mother, they see the father and son once more united, and now their heads fall back again upon their breasts, to rise no more. Their eyes seem filled with tears yet an expression of joy flits over their countenances and passes away. They have accomplished their duty. They have watched over little Hans till now he needs their care no longer. The woman's prayer is answered. God has cared for little Hans.

Possum et Coona.

The mox was lit with lux of Luna, And 'twas a nox most opportuna,
To catch a possum or a coona; For nix was scattered o'er this mundus,
A shallow nix et non profundus. On sic a nox with canis unus,
Two boys went out to hunt for coonus, Unus canis, duo puer,
Nunquam braver, nunquam truer, Quam hoc trio unquam suit,
If I was there I never knew it.

The corpus of this bonus canis, Was full as long as octo spanis;
But brevior legs had canis never, Quam had hic dog; et bonus clever.

Some used to say in stuttum jocum, Quod a field was to small a locum,
For sic a dog to make a turnus, Circum himself from stem to sternus.

This bonus dog had one bad habit, Amabat much to tree a rabbit,
Amabat plus to chase a rattus, Amabat tene tree a cattus;
But on this nixy, moonlight night, This old canis did just right,
Nunquam treed a starving rattus, Nunquam treed a starving cattus,
But cucurrit on, intentus; On the track and on the scentus,
Till he treed a possum strongum, In a hollow trunkum longum,
Loud he barked in horrid bellum, Seemed on terra venit pellum.

Quickly ran the duo puer, Mors of possum to secure,
Quam venerit, one began, To chop away like quisique man;
Soon the ax goes through the trunkum, Soon he hits it all kerchunkum,
The combat deepens, on ye braves, Canis, pueri et staves;
As his powers non longius tarry, Possum potest non pugnare.

On the nix his corpus lieth, Down to Hades spirit flieth,
Joyful pueri, canis bonus, Think him dead as any stonus.

Now they seek their pater's domo, Feeling proud as any homo,
Knowing, certe, they will blossom, Into heroes when with possum,
They arrive, narrabant story, Plenus blood, et pleniors glory.
Pompey, David, Samson, Cæsar, Cyrus, Black Hawk, Shalmeneser,
Tell me now where est the gloria, Where the honors of victoria.?

Quum ad domum narrant story, Plenus sanguine, tragic, glory;
Pater praiseth, likewise mater, Wonders greatly younger frater.

Possum leave they on the mundus, Go themselves to sleep profundus,
Sonniunt possum slain in battle, Strong as ursæ, large as cattle.
When nox gives way to lux of morning, Albam terram much adorning,
Up they jump to see the varmen, Of the which this is the carmen:
Lo, possum est resurrectum, Ecce pueri dejectum.
No relinquit tracks behind him, Et the pueri never find him,
Cruel possum, bestia vilest, How the pueros thou beguilest.
Pueri think non plus of Cæsar, Coad urcum, Shalmeneser:
Take your laurels, cum the honor, Since ista possum is a goner.

The Power of Extemporaneous Speaking in both the State and Society.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

THE word "Extemporaneous" is too commonly connected with something off-hand, hasty, and ineffectual. There is, however, nothing in the etymology of the word to necessarily fasten such a meaning to it. It depends upon whether we take it to mean ex tempore, from an *instant* of time, or from *all* time. The former means a hasty, careless, and unconnected discourse. As the time is infinitely small, so must the result be, and it is hard to believe that the mind in an instant of time will work very effectually. But the phrase, "extemporaneous speaking," will be taken in this address in its second and deeper sense, speaking from *all* time after due preparation but without confinement to manuscript. When we think of an extemporaneous speech in this way, it will be the result of all the past thinking, reflection, and study of a man. A distinguished artist was once asked by a person for whom he had painted a small picture, how he could charge so much for a work which had employed him for only five days. He replied: "Five days! Why, sir, I have expended the work of thirty-five years upon it." He had told the truth. All his labors, his practice, and his study lay behind that picture. So behind the well-constructed extemporaneous,—or as it might be more accurately called unwritten—production there must not be merely an instant's thought, but rather the whole life and entire culture of the orator.

A written discourse of course has its advantages, but as we all know there is the most powerful magnetism about an orator's words, when he requires only brief notes and dare meet the gaze of his audience. Speech is natural to all men, while writing is the cultivated habit of a few. Writers must necessarily become set in their words, phrases, and sentences, obtaining them, as they do, from their books, and it is more difficult in a written than in an unwritten discourse to change them to the common language of life. This is one reason why we feel a certain repulsion for a written sermon, but receive with attention thoughts delivered offhand which otherwise would have been expressed in vain. And would it not seem absurd to us, if we were not accustomed to it, to hear a minister read off a sermon written a week or more previous to its delivery? The people of to-day, especially those in the cities, are beginning to expect from their ministers at least one unwritten sermon on the Sabbath, and audiences are often disappointed when lecturers are forced to read their compositions. As for the speakers themselves those who have had experience say that there is a certain joy, ease, and independence in speaking when one is not restrained by a copious syllabus. Under such circumstances audience and speaker seem to re-act upon each other. As Dr. R. S. Storrs said, "there is pull from without, as well as an incessant push from within." Then thoughts, which never would have occured to a writer in his study, rush upon a speaker on the platform, and metaphors, similes, and powerful illustrations present themselves to his mind. So even the creaking of a door, the rising of an old man, and the din of a mob have been used with effect, and, through the ludicrousness of a policeman's knocking a howling Englishman through a door-way with his club, Mr. Beecher succeeded in attracting for a time the attention of an English mob in 1863.

There is a vividness and naturalness about a picture painted spontaneously on the platform, which can not be equalled in a studied discourse. The following incident well illustrates this fact. A doctor of divinity described towards the end of one of his sermons the way of worldly pleasure and gain, as a broad, smooth road, along which men walk carelessly without thought of God, until they reach the edge of a precipice. Then with a burst of eloquence he flashed upon the assembly the scene of their fall over the precipice, and a man in the front row in the gallery leaned over to look into the chasm. Such passages can never afterwards be repeated with the force which belonged to them at first. The inspiration of the moment which sent its force through them cannot be replaced, and the repetition becomes merely mechanical.

A few of the points wherein lies the power of extemporaneous speaking have been mentioned. Let us now turn to the historical side of the question.

Do you think that Cicero or Demosthenes would have dared to appear with their rolls before their fine, educated audiences? How flat and ridiculous would have seemed the powerful invectives of Cicero against Catiline, and of Demosthenes against Phillip of Macedon, if they had been read! Our representatives in Congress and other legislative bodies have followed the example of their Roman and Greek predecessors, and it has been deemed advisable by Parliament to make it "a general rule, that a member in addressing the house, is to do it orally and not by means of a written discourse." Our representatives in the House may write long letters to their constituents and lengthy editorials for the newspapers, and compose with mid-night oil an elaborate speech to be printed in the morrow's "Congressional Record" with numerous expressions of applause intermingled. But no one would dare attempt to *read* that speech in the house, for the empty desks or the hustle of the members would soon tell him that readings were not very desirable. One of the most famous speeches ever delivered in Congress was Mr. Webster's "Reply to Hayne," and yet, as the maker of it said, "owing to other engagements, he could not employ even the interval between the adjournment of the Senate and its meeting the next morning, in attention to the subject of this debate." Thus many times a Senator or member of the House without time for preparation must answer an opponent and, if the latter's statements are false, they must be corrected immediately, for, if the bill is passed, it will be too late.

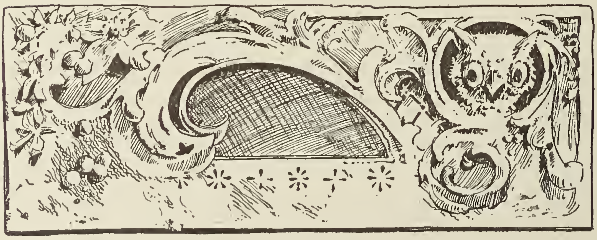
Much less than a legislature would a speaker face with his notes a political meeting or a mob. It is so absurd the most timid orator would avoid it. Henry Ward Beecher's addresses to the English mobs during the war were wonderful examples of what an influence a single human mind with the aid of the voice can exert. At Manchester the crowd collected with the avowed intention of breaking up the meeting and killing Mr. Beecher, but the speaker with the determination to be heard was never daunted and for an hour and a half, of course having had to lay aside the notes he had prepared, he exerted all his efforts to get the mob under his control and at the end of that time he had succeeded. For the remainder of the speech Mr. Beecher had it his own way.

Let us now turn to the court-room. With Mr. Webster at the Boston bar, when it was at the height of its fame, there were associated Mr. Choate, Mr. Benjamin R. Curtis and others second only to the above in reputation and power. These men were often called upon to speak on the most difficult, as well as the less complicated, legal questions, yet they never wrote out their cases, and, it is said, there was only one very diffident man who read his arguments,—and those to the judges, not to the juries. And at the present time in the supreme court at Washington and in the lower courts of the country, the most influential lawyers use only abstracts in presenting a case, not only because of the lack of time for preparation, but especially because of the bad effect it has on both judges and juries. And, as elsewhere, obstacles are there presented which must be met on the instant and which require that a man have his knowledge at his tongue's end.

Our after-dinner and stump speakers wisely keep their manuscripts, if they have any, out of sight. It is certainly true in these two branches of our subject, if in no other, that a speech, unless delivered off-hand, is absolutely dead.

The extemporaneous orator always runs the risk of making some unintentional slip which may be reported in the morrow's newspapers and become the subject of bitter editorials. Hence it is so important that an orator so speak, that it may be possible to say of him, "he weighs each word before uttering it." Realizing the power that comes with the dangers of extemporaneous speaking, men like Joseph Cook, when lecturing on the great reformation questions of the day, choose to trust to their memory and to the inspiration of the occasion to carry them through.

There is a question which naturally presents itself, when discussing such a question as this in such a place ; It is this, "Shall we, members of Philo, ever be able to deliver with good effect an unwritten discourse?" If we are industrious and studious, the answer is in the affirmative. We know that those things which are of any value to us are not obtained without some effort or cost on our part. Some men of genius who gave promise of great success at the beginning of their careers, have sadly failed by trusting to their talents without giving any time to their development. No one thinks that the natural abilities of Cicero and Demosthenes have never been equalled by other men; but who have given themselves to their work with more devotion and zeal? If they had not done so, they would never have risen to the height they did and would never have been such an aid to their countries as they were. Success in every line, whatever the talent, depends upon industry and painstaking. As another incentive to our work let me add the words of Joseph Cook at the semi-centennial of Philo in 1875. "It is better for a student," said he, "if his enthusiasms concerning extemporaneous speaking awaken early and take his time in his preparatory rather than in his collegiate course." Let us be urged on by this advice to greater efforts, and lay now a solid foundation for whatever speaking we may be hereafter called upon to do, always bearing in mind the fact, that, "while the art of extemporaneous speaking is difficult, it *is* important," and will bring a due reward.



Latin
Commons Directory.
Second House.

Who is it lives in the Second House?
Burgess,
Burgess.
Who is it kicks up all the rows?
Burgess,
Burgess.
Who leaves his marks upon the wall,
And shoots his crackers in the hall,
And has such a horrible beastly gall?
Burgess,
O, yes,
It's Burgess.

Who is it lives on the topmost floor?
McLaren,
McLaren,
With No. Five up over the door,
McLaren,
McLaren.
Who's such a fiend with paste and shears,
And whose heart is so set on the "dear little dears,"
But always the mash on *his* side appears?
It's McLaren
O, yes,
It's McLaren.

N. B.
When Mc is angry, his wrath he quells
By cussing his room-mate whose name is——,
Well, he seems of such a diminutive mind,
His name we'll omit till another time.

Who is it lives in room No. One
Auten,
Auten.
Quid monstrum prodigium hoc est unum!
Auten,
Auten.
Who long after eight doth pound the piano,
Whose voice is decidedly not soprano
But plainly says "ἔχων Φόνην ὄνον Τνγχάνω."
Auten,
O, yes,
It's Auten.
N. B.
A few bars of his latest production:
"Sweetly sings the donkey to his little lass,
When you can sing better, you may have some grass.
E—aw, E—aw,
E—aw, E—aw, E—aw"

Who is it sports the abbreviated jacket?
The Fem-Sem,
"Miss Hoffman."
Who swears like time, when he hears a racket?
The Fem-Sem,
"Miss Hoffman."
Who plays the rim ram in "Auten's band,"
Beasts, bugs and reptiles obey his command,
But when he gets ducked, says "you be——Thank
You very kindly,"
It's the Fem-Sem,
O, yes, it's "Miss Hoffman."

Still there's Hopkins, Haskell, Hooker and Searles,
Wheelock and the Shasseys—rosy cheeked girls,—
Whose faults are so many, and virtues so few,
'Twere folly to mention, but their home's No. Two.

Editor's Review.

THE winter term is over, the hardest of the year's work is finished, and now that we are about to enter the spring term we can do no better than to look back over our work, and, in fact, for that part of the year which has gone. We can all see where we have made many mistakes and yet we may be rejoiced that we have not done worse. If we find that our work is in all respects satisfactory, let us be thankful and keep up our good record. But we can all do better, and so let us make the best of resolutions for the Spring term and then keep them. And now as we part for our Spring vacation we wish all our readers the best of good times, and we hope each one may return to school with renewed vigor.

PHILO has this term not only fully kept up the position which it attained last, but,under President Archbald and his associates, has done even better work.

New men have shown a great interest, and old men have been made to feel a responsibility in preparing for the meetings. The attendance has been large and the work done is of a high order. Many of the essays and addresses have been extremely interesting, while hardly a debate has closed which was not of great credit to the Society.

While many men in the school heartily appreciate the opportunities offered them by PHILO, there is a large majority that fails to improve its advantages. This is not as it should be; men come to Phillips to enlarge their capacity for doing work, and to add to their literary powers. And since no one can be developed except by his own efforts, how then is this great majority to be developed? If men would realize the value of the ever increasing confidence, and power of expression that practice in PHILO affords them, the meetings of this society would be always filled to overflowing.

The religious life of the academy is, we hope, on the gain. More interest has been shown in Inquiry than for some time. Both Sunday and Wednesday meetings have been good, a large number always taking part. But still there is room in the school for much more definite, practical, personal, religious work. However, the members who have gone to every meeting may feel sure that their time was not wasted. Much credit is due to President Torrey for the fine topics and topic-cards, and for the very many things that a President of Inquiry must look out for. Surely the work of this society has been much felt during the term.

The absence of good skating has been much felt, but the sleighing has been good at times, however brief, and in spots, however small. The Seniors can testify to the small size of these spots. For on February 5th and 6th, the annual sleigh-ride was enjoyed by all attending. It was doubtless with much interest that they watched the merry children of the lower classes disport themselves. But "boys will be boys," and "tandem aliquando" revenge will come. And then.——

"Well, we would like to be present at '93's sleigh-ride," say the Seniors.

The ride was, to quote an illustrious predecessor, "enjoyed by all;" especially from about six o'clock on the 5th to two o'clock on the 6th. After that, well, the walking might have been better between Lawrence and Andover.

The Day of Prayer for Colleges was observed on Thursday, January 28th, very much as usual. In the afternoon the Rev. Dr. Moxom of Boston, gave an address in the Stone Chapel.

The work of the Phillipian board has been of much the same character during the past term as usual, and while there has been no occasion for extra editions, we feel that Managers McLaren and Neale have kept up the standard of the paper in a very creditable manner.

The term to come will introduce a change in the form of the Literary work of the school. PHILO gives up the MIRROR to the new magazine, which it is said, will be published once a month, and keeps in its place an annual which will be issued next year.

We sincerely hope that the new magazine will take the place among college papers which the school demands, and that success will follow both magazines in all their undertakings.

Mrs. Hardy has presented to the school a picture of Joseph Neesima, the noted Japanese missionary. His career is of great interest to the school on account of his connection not only with the Academy but with the Theological Seminary, of which he was a graduate.

The Glee and Banjo Clubs have both labored under difficulties this year, but their practice has been faithful, and some very creditable and successful concerts have been given. As usual, the Andover concert comes too late to be here reported, but it will undoubtedly be very enjoyable. The photographs of the clubs are remarkably good.

The work of the Natural History Society deserves commendation and encouragement. They have done some work in dissection of lower Vertebrates, during the past months, and have taken a course in Mineralogy which has proved very profitable. Their meetings have been enjoyable to those interested in the class of work which they do, and the organization seems to be well established in the Academy.

In presenting the frontispiece we desire to utter a word of explanation.

For six successive days we endeavored to have a photograph taken, for a photogravure, of a subject which we know would have been interesting to all. But, on not one of these days did the sun shine at the necessary time, and so we were obliged to give you the cut which took First Prize, drawn by A. C. Mack.

We present to you the following decisions of our judges, Messrs. Eaton, Gile and Pettee, to whom we are greatly indebted. First prize for Story, A. C. Mack, '94; second, H. G. Brown, '93; third, N. A. Smythe, '93. First prize for poem; S. A. Dickerman, '92. And in connection with this we are obliged to state that the judges, on account of the lack of competition in poems, deemed it best to award no second prize. The first prize for cut, goes to A. C. Mack, '94, for the cut entitled "Phillips Re-endowment." The second prize (for heading) goes to G. S. Hedges '92, for the "Orchestra." The third prize goes to A. H. Grant '92, for the table of contents. Branch '95 won the prize for best collection of Grinds.

We are indebted to Brayton, Green, Hanscom, McClellan, Whitney, and others, for Grinds, and to R. M. Crosby, E. R. Burroughs, Hedges, Howe and deForest for cuts.

On Wednesday, March 9th, and Saturday, March 12th, the Athletic Association held very successful tournaments. In the first, the events and winners were as follows :

Heavy-weight boxing,	Rogers, '94.
Middle-weight boxing,	Foster, '92.
Light-weight boxing,	Foster, '92.
Feather-weight boxing,	Roberts, '92.
Light-weight wrestling,	Johnson, '94.
Heavy-weight wrestling,	Armstrong, '93.
Feather-weight wrestling,	Johnson, '94.

The second tournament was held Saturday, March 12, in the Gymnasium, and the following are the events and winners, broken records being in italics.

Fencing,	R. G. Wright, '93.
Fence vault,	C. H. Woodruff, '93, 6 ft. 10 1-2 *in.*
Parallel bars,	E. A. Nettleton, '94.
Bantam-weight Boxing,	W. A. Marshall, '94.
Standing high jump,	*L. P. Sheldon, '92, 5 ft. 3-4 in.*
Club swinging,	R. D. Wilson, '94.
Rope climbing,	Foley, '93.
Bantam-weight wrestling,	J. H. Marshall, '95.
Running high jump,	*L. P. Sheldon, '92, 5 ft 8 1-4 in.*
Horizontal bars,	Gilmour, '92.
High kick,	*L. P. Sheldon, '92, 9 ft. 5 in.*
Putting shot,	Foley, '93, 31 *ft.* 6.

Probably no subject is of more interest to the school in general than that of "Re-endowment," and we are glad to be able to report a favorable progress of the work. We can see for ourselves that the Science building and new cottages are progressing, and we are informed that the other branches of the work are going forward rapidly. In ten years or even less we shall return to a "New Phillips," and one better adapted to students' needs and demands.

The Reading Room, we are sorry to state, has not been kept up as well during the past term as it was in the Fall. It is no uncommon thing to go in there, and find papers all over the floor, settees broken, and a general air of discomfort reigning. We think that this is more the fault of the school than of the committee; but we cannot see why, even in a period of "Re-endowment," the school should not be careful of the things it has; and why it should go so far as even to destroy them, as has been the case, not only in the reading room, but in another affair which we will not mention.

The entertainments this term, if not so numerous, have been of a much higher class than usual. Prominent among them have been lectures on some of the Shakespearian plays, by Mr. Henry A. Clapp, Boston's most noted Shakespearian student, and also Kate Douglas Wiggin gave a charming reading in Abbott Academy, at which many of the Academy boys were present, although the night was stormy. At the time of writing, lectures on Astronomy are being delivered at the same place by Professor Young of Princeton, who is undoubtedly the most renowned astronomer of the country. He was formerly a teacher in this school and on that account his achievements are watched with great interest by all who can appreciate the genius and efforts of the man.

Almost constantly there have been entertainments or lectures in the Town Hall, and occasionally in the Upper Hall. Last but not least comes the Glee and Banjo Club concert to be given March 21st, in the Town Hall. Unfortunately it comes to late for a detailed account, but judging from reports, it will equal if not excel all former productions by the same organization.

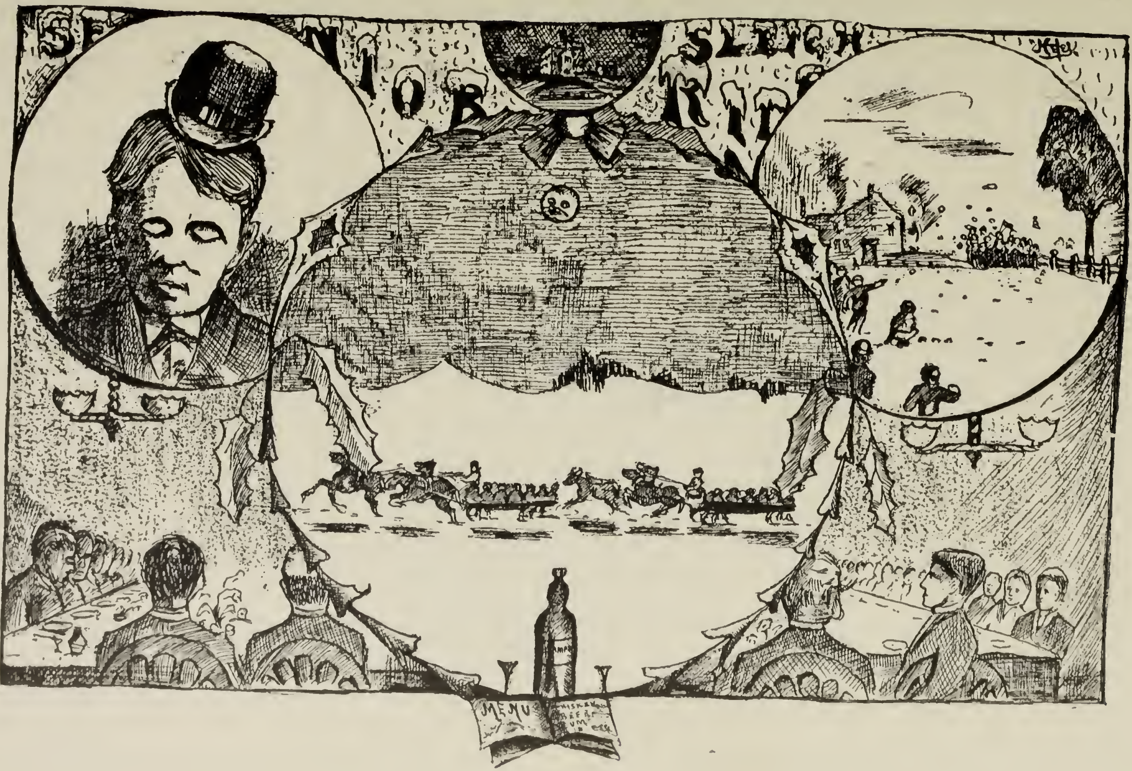
Among the changes in the literary life of the school which this term has brought about, the forming of the new Literary society known as "The Forum," takes a conspicuous place.

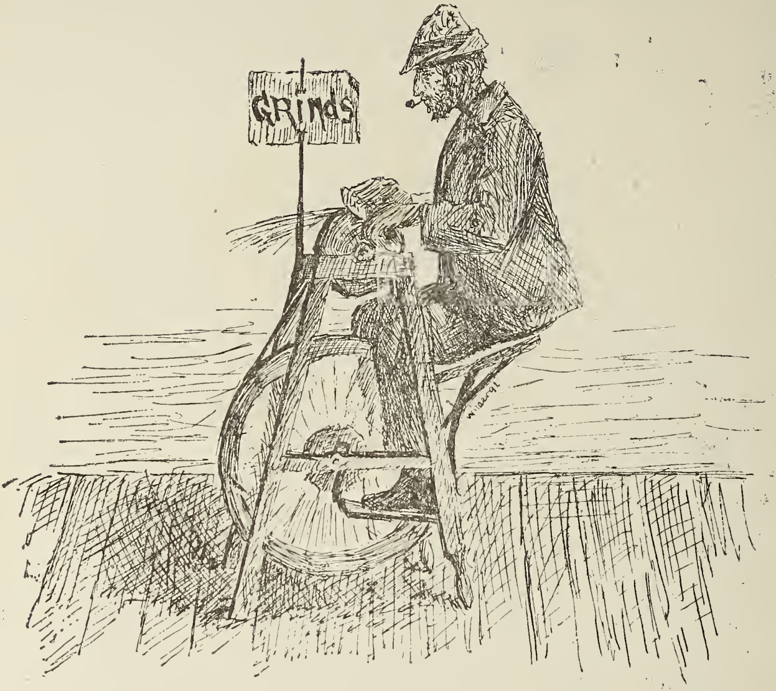
The object of its foundation was to help PHILO and to awaken a new interest throughout the school in literary work. The work of the society has been very good in proportion to its numbers and opportunities. Yet we feel constrained to say, inasmuch as it is not strong enough at present to be a rival of PHILO, and as the awakening of a friendly spirit of competition is the only way in which it can hope to aid the old society, that we *regard it at present as a very doubtful success.* We fear it has led in many cases to unpleasant feeling and that it has taken away good men from PHILO, the lack of whom greatly overbalances any possible gain in enthusiasm. But yet if "it has come to stay" we hope it may grow and prosper to its full end.

Those who remember the pleasant exhibition given by the Camera Club, of last year, are pleased to know that it has re-organized under nearly the same management as before. A successful career surely awaits it, and we are glad to have it take the place among the organizations of the school which it has before held.

In regulation style we lay down our pen, and draw a sigh of relief. We have "hustled for ads," we have dunned secretaries of school organizations for lists of members, we have begged for cuts, in fact we have now been half through the mill. The other half remains, when we have to collect our money, pay our bills, and endure the complaints of those who have been "ground."

But we have done our best in this short term to bring out the last PHILO MIRROR, in a way to please the school. We hope our readers will bear with our mistakes, considering the fact that the work is a new one for us all. And now we can only leave the book in your hands and hope for your approval.


SENIOR SLEIGH RIDE
MENU
etc.



In latest hat,
And new cravat,
In dress he seemed a scholar.
But he was not,
For he had got,
Too large a standing collar. *Halbert.*

In winter he looks very neat
With elegant shoes on his feet,
And a snow white vest
To encompass his breast. *Farwell.*

The height of the rediculous. *Hilda and Canny.*

I threw a snow ball— into the air;
It fell to earth I knew not where.
Canfield's song when the snow comes.

My name is Benjamin Franklin Rice
And over my Latin I always read twice,
And this fact only is the cause
Why in translation I never pause,
But always go strait to the head.

Three pairs of double beauties.
The Sheldon, Wright and Merriam Bros.

Pretty, but shy. *Lindenbergher.*

Fair exchange, no robbery. *The extra week in vacation.*

Birds of a feather, flock together. *Canny and Hildie.*

Why will T. Carlton's wife worship him?
Ans. Because he will be her deity. (dear T.)

There was a young fellow named Clement,
Whose acquiantances called him "The Kid,"
He put all of E. C. in a ferment,
And never did what he was bid.

"Beautiful as sweet! and young as beautiful! and soft as young! and gay as soft! and innocent as gay! *J. Merriam.*

"I estimate that there was upwards of a ton of weight on one of those coasters." *Dr. B. in Chapel.*

"Speed the parting guests."
The Seniors starting on their sleigh ride.

"I will repeat the notice; examination for the Junior Classical Class." *"Commy" in Chapel.*

'Tis a good thing to be "natural," provided only your natural bent be good. *W. B. Parker.*

"We Fail! But screw your courage to the sticking place, and we'll not fail." *O. M. Clark to the conspirtators.*

A minus quantity.—The density of population in Sandy Parer's Debating Society.

The regulators of P. A.'s "erring children."
W. F. Skerrye and O. M. Clark.

"Our life is two-fold." *Harry Jennings and Bell Cowin.*

"The man doomed to sail with the blast of the gale."
Grant.

"Sits plugging by the midnight lamp." *A. T. Robinson.*

"Look on thine earthly victims—and despair."
Marion Rice.

"But 'tis done,—all words are idle"—
Words from us are vainer still;
For the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will."
Clark, Parker & Co.

"More grinds wanted." *Fall Mirror.*

"The loud laugh of a vacant mind." *Barlow.*

"The latest machine in the way of organizers and publishers."
Parker, President.
Clarke, Gen. Manager.
Skerrye, Attorney.
Wyer, Our Tool.

P. S.—"Apply to Parker and Clarke for information on elocution and the way to promotion."

"Salt and vinegar wanted inside." *Bristol & Glynn.*

"All is well that ends well." *L. P. Sheldon.*

"Yet do I feel at times, my heart decline." *McClaren.*

"An unwonted light shines in our midst." *O. M. Clarke.*

His face glowed, his eyes sparkled, he rose excitedly and said: "Mr President I second the motion." *Kid Lester.*

"Externally declined, internally very much inclined."
McClaren.

" His smile is like a summer's sunset." *Bixler.*

"No my fair class-mate; if we are marked to die, we are enough to do our noble school a loss; and if we live, the fewer men, the greater share of honor."
McClaren & Neale, on Phillipian Board.

Man is not a man by judging himself a man. *Mr. Parker.*

" My self, my companion and my pard,
Did give him that same royalty he wears:
And instead of seeking honors for us both,
He has left me wailing blindly in my tears."
Wadhams.

" Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night;
Parker said: let Dudley be!
And all was light."

" Both societies flourished—blue and white—
In love and sisterly delight;
The two that were at strife are
Blended, and all old grudges,
Now are ended." *Philo and Forum.*

"They should take who have the power, and they should keep who can." *Club-men.*

"The day of my fame is over,
And the star of my fate hath declined."
O. M. Clark.

"And thou wert sad—yet I was not with thee!
And thou wert sick, and yet I was not near."
Wadhams to Archbald.

Through mistake of the Clergyman was christened "Boyle," instead of "Bill." *McKinley Boyle, P. A., '93.*

The flag that waves o'er the true and the brave.
Stewart Flagg.

FAMOUS PERSONS IN SCHOOL.

"Benjamin Franklin,"	*Rice.*
"George Washington,"	*Smith Shaw.*
"Horace Greeley,"	*Brown.*
"Lord Nelson,"	*Barnes.*
"Louis Napoleon,"	*Bennett.*
"Charles Henry,"	*Chamberlin.*
"Lord Edward,"	*Clark.*
"Belva Lockwood,"	*deForest.*
"Gen. Sherman,"	*Dickerman.*
"King Arthur,"	*Foster.*
"Earle Samuel,"	*Greene.*
"Aaron Burr,"	*Hopkins.*
"Milton,"	*Howe.*
"Paul Revere,"	*Kimball.*
"Cornelius Scipio Afr.,"	*Kitchel.*
"Gov. McKinley,"	*Boyle.*
"Gen. Ingersoll,"	*Lewis.*
"Alexander the Great,"	*Lowe.*
"Enoch Arden,"	*Moody.*
"King Augustus,"	*Perkins.*
"Ex-Pres. Cleveland,"	*Salter.*
"Matthew Arnold,"	*Scott.*
"Richard cœur de Lion,"	*Sheldon.*
"Martin Luther,"	*Sjostrom.*
"Julius Cæsar,"	*Smith.*
"Two John Smiths,"	*Homer Smith.*
"Nathan Ayer, the inventor of Ayer's Hair Vigor,"	*Smyth.*
"Ex-Pres. Tyler,"	*Robinson.*
"Dana, inventor of Dana's Sarsaparilla."	*Weed.*

THE FORUM.

Sunday Night, 11-30 P. M.

Extempore—"*Baby*" *Parker.*

Critique—*W. B. Parker.*

Address—"The benefits of Yellow Covered Literature," *Parker.*

Debate—"Resolved that the use of tooth-picks is detrimental to one's health."

Aff. W. Parker, *Neg.* B. Parker.

William Belmont Parker, *Pres.* Belmont William Parker, *Sec.*

" But as they went through the fields,
In the blessings and smile of the sunshine,
Lighter grew their hearts."

Crawford and the Fem. Sem.

A study of " The courtship of Miles Standish."

" Then, too, there are, my soldiers,
My great and invincible army,
Twelve men ; All equipped,
And like Cæsar, I know the name of all my soldiers."

Capt. Hopkins.

" War is a terrible trade,
But in the cause that is righteous,
Sweet is the smell of powder ;
And thus I answer the challenge."

O. M. Clark.

" I will not awake him,
Let him sleep on ; It is best."

Auten, in Recitation.

" Square built, hearty and strong,
With the odor of ocean about him."

E. Sawyer.

STAGELETTS.

"Little Puck,"	Fat Little, '94.
"The Noble Beggars,"	Team Managers.
"The Rivals,"	Andover and Exeter.
"Sam'l of Posen,"	Mercer, '94.
"Fritz, Our Cousin German,"	Weyerhaeuser, '92.
"We, Us & Co.,"	Skinner, Whitefield and P. Smith.
"Straight Tips,"	Banty's Lectures.
"A Jolly Surprise,"	A cut from "Commy."
"City Directory,"	H. Foster, '92.
"Romeo and Juliet,"	Hedges and Little, '94.
"A Pair of Kids,"	Kid Holt and Kid Tirrill.
"Our Irish Visitors,"	Duffy and Murphy.
"A Poor Relation,"	Maddox, '93.

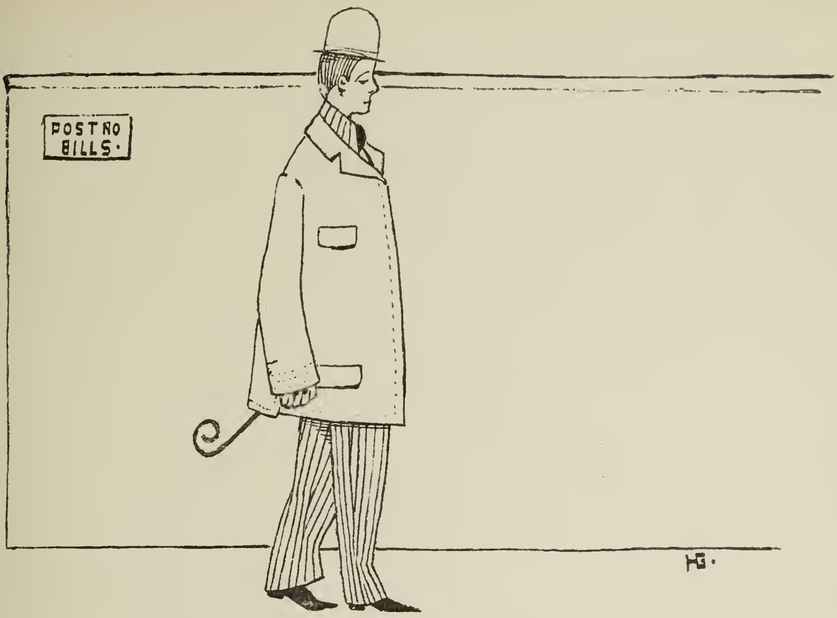
"The Gladiator,"	Berwick, '95.
"All the comforts of Home,"	The Commons.
"A Knotty Affair,"	Calculus.
"Barred Out,"	Flunkers.
"Two Old Chronies,"	F. Howard and "Toby."
"My Aunt Bridget,"	Finch, '94.
"Brass Monkey."	J. Sheldon, '95.
"Out of Sight,"	Dudley's Mustache.
"The Black Crook,"	92's cane.
"Among the Relics,"	Hildreth, '92.
"Behind Time,"	The 12.20 train.
"She,"	H. L. Barnes.
"The Senator,"	B. F. Rice.
"Lord Chum(p)ley,"	E. L. Clark.
"Comedy of Errors,"	Merril, '94.
"The Iron Master,"	One of our Profs.
"All for Her,"	Cowin.
"A Texas Steer,"	Howe.
"Patience."	"Fanny" Conant.
"Lost in New York,"	Johnstons, '92.
"Little Lord Fauntleroy,"	Ed. Sawyer.
"Jim the Penman,"	Neale, '92.
"A Gold Mine,"	Weyerhaeuser.
"Natural Gas,"	Davis, '92.
"The Still Alarm,"	J. L. Wentz.
"The Power of the Press,"	Little.
"A Pair of Kids,"	Hoagland and Sheldon.
"Life on the Plains,"	Texas Howe.
"One of the 400-1,"	Farwell.
"A Trip to Chinatown,"	Maddox.
"Collars and Cuffs,"	Parker, '93.

" Rough hewn angular notes,
Like stones in the walls of a Churchyard."

Coffin, '93.

" Kind are the people I live with,
And dear to me my religion."

Matthews, '94.


POST NO BILLS.
HG.

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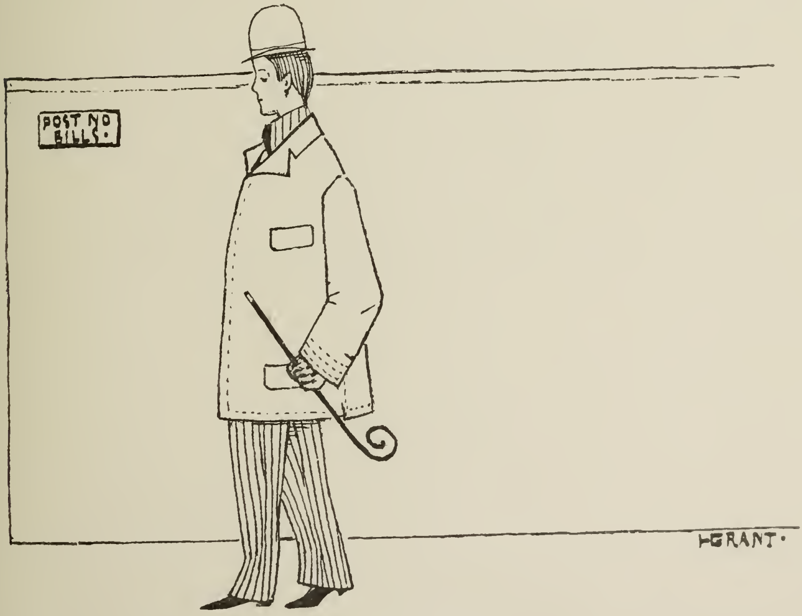

POST NO BILLS.
H GRANT.

It is only a '92 man sporting his new cane.

"Not to be laughed at and scorned,
Because he was little of Stature."

Little.

"Somewhat hasty, hot,
And headstrong." *Branch, '95.*

"Sacred and safe and unseen,
In the depths of the narrow chamber,
With me my secret shall lie."

Author of Anon, Circular.

"He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly,
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thursoude Standish,
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent,
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.

N. A. Smyth, '93.

"Truly, the only tongue that is understood by a savage."

The language of L. C. Roomers.

"There's a charm in delivery, a magical art,
That thrills like a kiss from the lips to the heart;
'Tis the glance—the expression, the well chosen word,
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirred;
The lip's soft persuasion, its musical tone,
Oh! such were the charms of the eloquent one."

Whitney, P. A., '94.

"Lightly he dreamt as youth will dream,
Of sport by thicket, or by stream,
Of hawk, of hound, of ring, of glove,
Or lighter yet, of lady's love."

Barnes, P. S. '92.

"May that man never grow fat." *Sawyer, P. A. '93.*

"False eloquence passeth only when truth is not understood."

Parker, P. A., '93.

"A man of understanding holdeth his peace."

A. T. Robinson, P. A., '92.

"An hungry man is an angry man." *Quimby, '92.*

"An idle brain is the devil's workshop." *Hazard.*

"A small spark makes a great fire." *O. M. Clark.*

"Deep rivers move with silent majesty, shallow brooks are noisy." *Branch, '95.*

"Eat what you like, but pocket nothing."

Commons Boarders.

"Empty vessels make the greatest sound."

Bliss, P. S. '94.

"Par nobile fratrum." *Lew and Richard Sheldon.*

"Let no man know thy business save some friend, a man of mind." *Hazeltine, P. S. '94.*

"I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Nor actions, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on."

Skinner, P. S. '93, in Natural His. Society.

"Since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes ;
I will be brief," and only
Say, where is the Ice Cream Freezer you hid away."

Commons Boarders.

"Can I again that look recall,
That once could make me die for thee?
No, No !—the eye that beams on all,
Shall never more be priz'd by me."

A Fem. Sem.

"By ignorance is pride increased,
They most assume who know the least."

Forbes, P. S. '95.

"Glories like glow worms, afar off shine bright,
But looked too near, have neither heat nor light."
Wentz, P. S. '92.

"Mine honor is my life; both grow in one,
Take honor from me, and my life is done."
Howe, P. S. '93.

"New lights often come through cracks in the ceiling."
Whitford, P. A. '94.

"It cuts both ways like a two edged sword."
The Anonymous Circular.

"As the bill is so is the clapper." *Averill, P. S. '94.*

"The three (R's) w(R)ight, not w(R)ight and w(R)ong."
Wright Brothers.

"Fortune favors the bold." *Perkins.*

"Noscitur ex sociis." *Averill, P. S. '94.*

"Esto quod videris." *Williams, '93.*

"Every man can toot best on his ain horn."
Chamberlin, P. S. '94.

"When sorrow is asleep, wake it not." *Sleeper, 93.*

"Where much smoke is there must be some fire."
Latin Commons, Feb. 19, '92.

"Live not to eat, but eat to live." *Bristol, '94.*

"The hungry judge soon the sentence signs,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine."
Hedges, '92.

"Go; you may call it madness folly
You shall not chase my gloom away;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not if I could be, be gay."
Pet. Smith, P. S. '94.

"If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die."

Auten, P. A. '93.

"'Tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home."

Johnson, P. A. '94.

"A little learning is a dang'rous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
Their shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers him again."

Chamberlin, P. A. '94.

"One would have said the unumbered throng,
Had been professors of History."

Mr. Forbes, '95 English Class.

"At some poems they glanced, had been sent to them lately,
And the metre and sentiment puzzled them greatly."

Mirror Prize Awarders.

"Never elated while one man's oppressed!
Never dejected, whilst, anothers blessed."

Archbald.

You may think I'm tough,
Well that is all right,
But I'm "pretty hot stuff,"
And dead "out of sight."

Dewey.

"Multum in parvo." *Little.*

"Thou has't no figures or no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men."

McDonald, '94.

The following P. A. artisans would like engagements:
The Miller.
The Page.

The Porter.
The Quarrier.
The Farmer.
The Smith.
The Fisher.
The Hoodman.
The Sawyer.

"So near and yet so far." *Morrill House.*

"He walks in other climes, above this one." *Sheldon, P. A. '92.*

"I am methodical indeed,
In laundry or in Greek,
Without firstly, secondly
In my thought,
I'd die without a deed." *Parker, '93.*

"A little child! fair haired with wondering eyes."
Adams, '95.

"Since in working and in resting,
Life is divided best,
Let others do the working
And we will do the rest."
Chamberlin Bros.

I would I were a "funny man"
But Fate has been unkind;
I have no stock in trade of jokes,
Such as they seem to find."
McLanahan.

"Birds of a feather flock together," *Howard and his dog.*

"The botherer of flies and little boys." *Greene.*

Some Shakspearian characters of Andover:

Julius Cæsar	*Wadhams.*
Hamlet's Ghost,	*L. N. Bennett.*
The Commy—d of Errors,	*Prof. Comstock's Exam's.*
The Two Noble Kinsmen,	*Howards.*
The Winter's Tale,	*A visit to the Fem. Sem.*

"In the Gloaming,
Oh my darling."
The Glee Club's song at the Fem. Sem.

"Water, water all around,
And not a drop to drink."
What the Glee Club should have sung at the Fem. Sem.

"Intensly dyspeptic,
Goes with quite poetic,
As effusions will oft' testify;
But he has brain fever,
Who in his life ever
Such nonsense to me would apply."
A. T. Robinson.

"The nations will rejoice,
To hear my sweet toned voice
In accents loud and clear."
Hoffman, '94.

"Ah, child you are as innocent as the flower that grows under our feet."
Holt, '94.

"If I were in the faculty,
I'd show them how to teach,
But as it is I'm sure to be
Condemned for e're to preach."

"So sharp, so irksome is my fate,
That he who lists to me,
Will find within his aching pate,
I'm mad that it must be."
Matthews, 94.

Prof. Eaton: "Who was the Brutus who drove the Tarquins out?"
Matthews: "I guess it must have been the elder."

"I know a maiden fair to see." *Bliss, P. S. '94.*

"Through this broad street, restless ever,
Ebbs and flow a human tide."
Main St.

"To arms! To arms! The Greek; the Greek."
Seniors War Cry.

"This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness doth affect,
A saucy roughness." *J. W. Lewis, '94.*

"Certain it is in ancient times,
That poetry was free from rhymes;
To-day alas! most rhymes are free
From anything like poetry." *A. T. Robinson.*

"With sad and restless hearts, they wend their weary way."
The Flunkers.

"If your foot fits you put your shoe on." *McDonald, '94.*

"He waketh long o'nights
And maketh hasty flights,
When others are in bed."
Terrill, P. A. '93.

A little non—cents now and then,
Is relished by the best of men,
But not by Chap.
O, her beauty is noble and rare,
And all a man could desire;
And her figure with that will compare,
And together with love they inspire.
A Fem. Sem.

The "Mathews" of '95 or "The Father of the Preps."
Dean Luce.

"Call this a heavy book—why, how absurd!
From first to last it holds no weighty word."
Mirror.

"Ye gods, what would I give to know a man!" *Parker.*

"A much degraded race." *The base-ball runs.*

"To doubt her fairness were to want an eye.
To doubt her pureness were to want a heart."
A Fem. Sem.

"Ye happy band of innocents." *Preps.*

"The distant crowd admired (?) the lofty sound."
"Preps." at Church.

"Sweetness long drawn out." *Inquiry Organ.*

"Let others strive for everything,
And lips speak many a plan;
But mine shall always one song sing,
And that is, "Be a man."

Parker.

"Three little (tailor) mades from school."
Barnes, Maddox and Cowin.

"If you call on me at all, just please
Bring up a bug solution;
And perhaps you might plug up at ease,
To talk on evolution."

Woodman.

"They say that, when a living man,
None ever touched his beard."

Auten.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."
The Faculty, after eight o'clock.

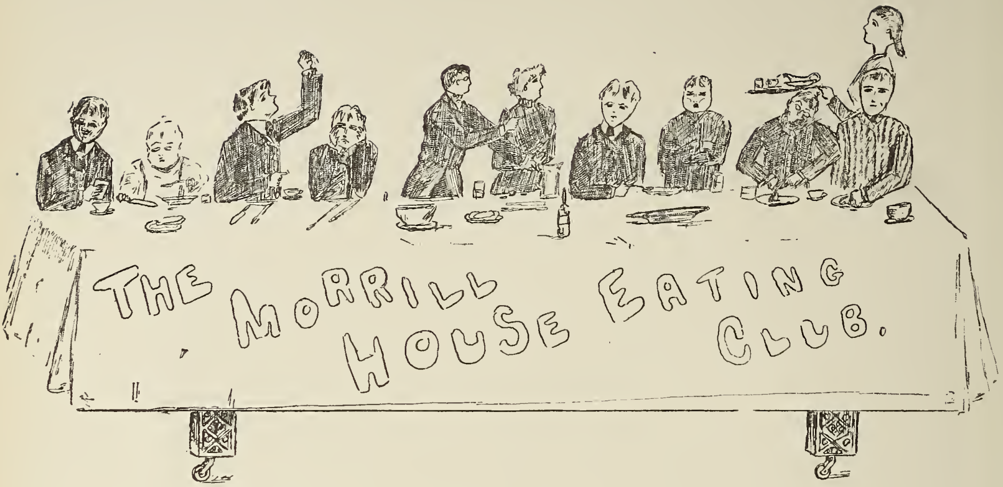
"Great wit is sure to madness close allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds devide."
Mirror "Grinders."

"Therefore since brevity is the soul of wit: I will be brief."
Kitchen in Philo.

"I am monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute."
Dr. Bancroft in Chapel.

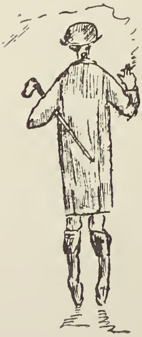
"'Tis strange but true, for truth is always strange; stranger than fiction." *Hildreth.*

"But in one thing it is clear he has faith, namely:——."
Parker.


THE MORRILL HOUSE EATING CLUB.

I.

There's president "Billy" Thompson,
Rt. Rev. D. D. D.;
And "Little Odlin House" Miller,
Does the honors as V. P.



II.

Now "Billy" Thompson loves fine clothes,
And neckties are his forte,
Just look at him and you will see,
A regular "Dead Game Sport."

III.

But Miller will never be tough,
Such a thing is not in his nature;
He never will be anything,
But a timid, gentle creature.

IV.

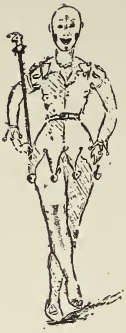
The Secretary and Treasurer,
The man who handles the "mun";
Is Burroughs P. S., '93,
And Yale two thousand and one.

V.

He attracts the attention of Mrs. M.,
In a manner as smooth as silk;
And while she is looking the other way,
He freezes onto the milk.

VI.

There's Benjamin Harrison Rice,
Our great "High Tragedy man":
And he is extremely "Out of sight,
To use a bit of slang.

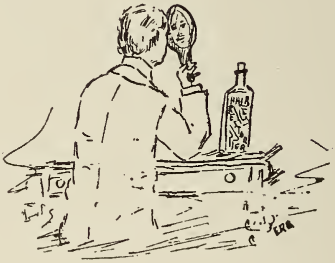


VII.

And then there's Pilly Gilly.
Who rooms in the Annex with Ben ;
But takes exactly the opposite part,
As a "Low Comedian."

VIII.

Another too, is M. T. Clark,
A youth extremely rash ;
For though he's P. S., '94,
He aspires to have a moustache.



IX.

There's the unfortunate Jonathan "Alricks,"
The man with the terrible mutter ;
Who, when you think him fast asleep,
Does fiercely yell, "Thank Butter."

X.

H. R. H. Lord Thompson,
Is one of the merry makers ;
With his "Forums" and "Toodles" and arguments,
And invincible record breakers

XI.

He tells of wonderful wardrobes,
And of fifty-dollar pacers;
And he knows the time of every fight,
And the records of all racers.

XII.

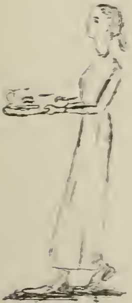
And now we come to Thompson, P.,
A man of bone and muscle;
Who sometimes gets on his dignity,
And makes his name-sakes hustle.

XIII.

And now we have told of the Thompsons,
The President, and the others;
We want to add, though they look alike,
These three men are not brothers.

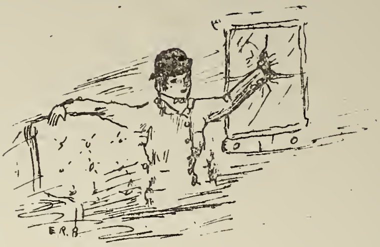
XIV.

We have not spoken of “Freddie” Foote,
Whose smile and face so winning;
Have oft times set the guileless heart,
Of “Cleopatra” spinning.



XV.

For one who wins all things by “love,”
As “Fred” Foote seems to do;
You “Cleopatra” had best look out,
Or he'll surely conquer you.

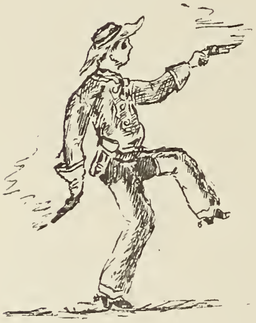


XVI.

George Francis Street-Car
"Miller,"
With his "thieves" and new
"Rochelle";
And his "St. Paul" and his
Hartford,
Has told his yarns quite well.

XVII.

And if of "Gobble" Miller,
I did not somewhere speak;
This tale of the Morrill House Eating Club,
Would be quite incomplete.

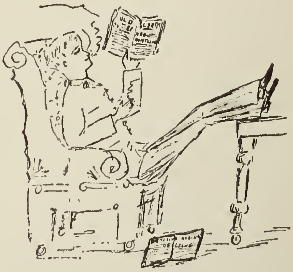


XVIII.

There is another one whose name,
Is not his toughest part I trow;
A gun, and a horse, and a rope, they say,
Are nothing new to "Texas Howe."

XIX.

Another is "Kid Hoagland,"
Who lives, and breathes, and glories,
In yellow covered novels,
And fierce detective stories.



XX.

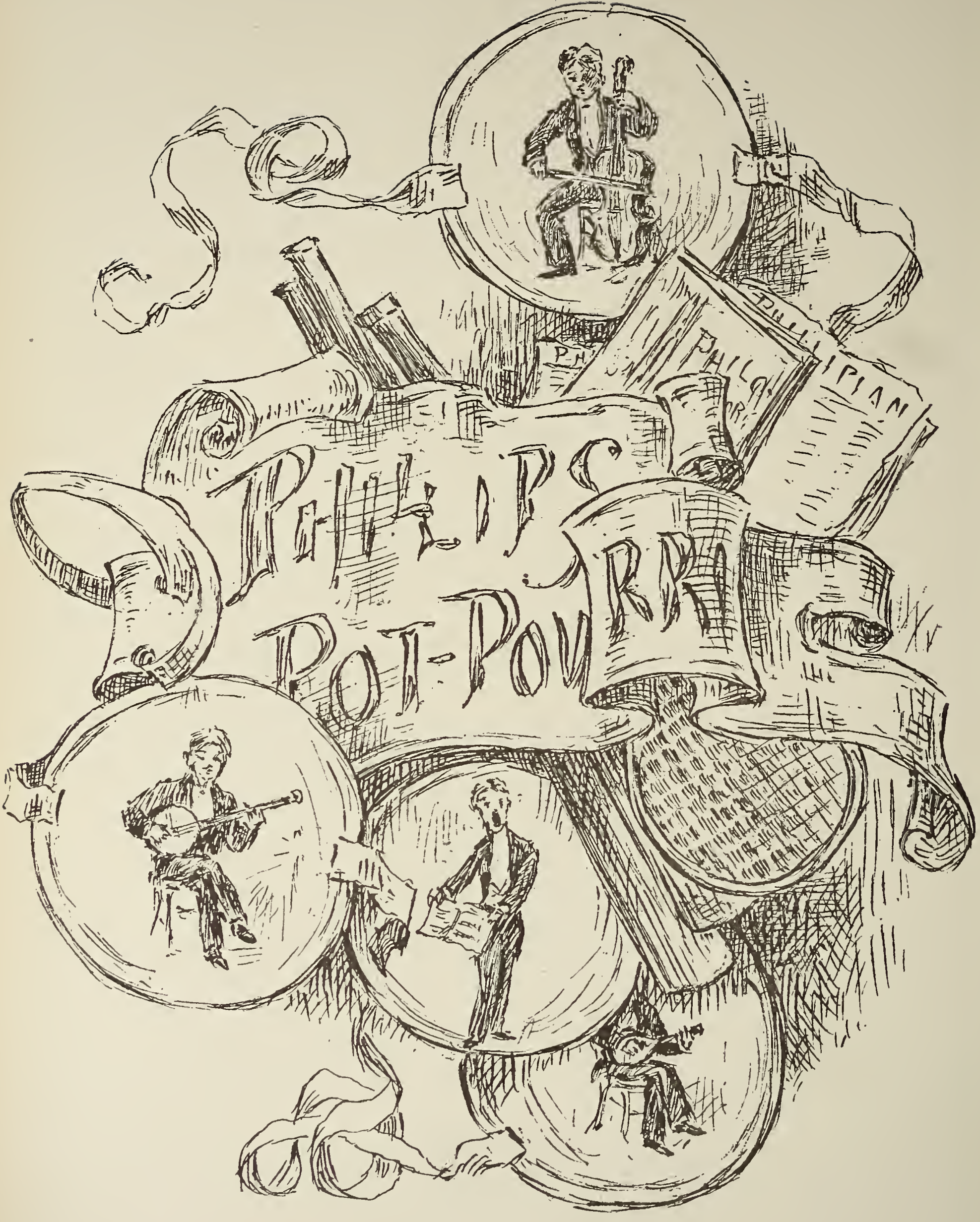
Brayton is another one,
Who has to feed on wood;
And other funny looking things,
Which Mrs. M., calls food.

XXI.

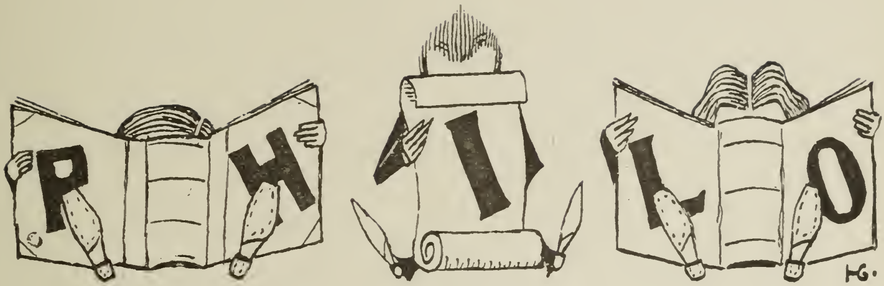
Around this very festive board,
Once sat a couple more ;
Those dear departed are not dead,
But simply gone before.

XXII.

A number left a while ago,
Who did not like our meals ;
And now they live on better grub,
And feed at Butterfield's.


PHELPS
POT-POURRI
PHILO
CIAN

R. M. Crosby.



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'92.

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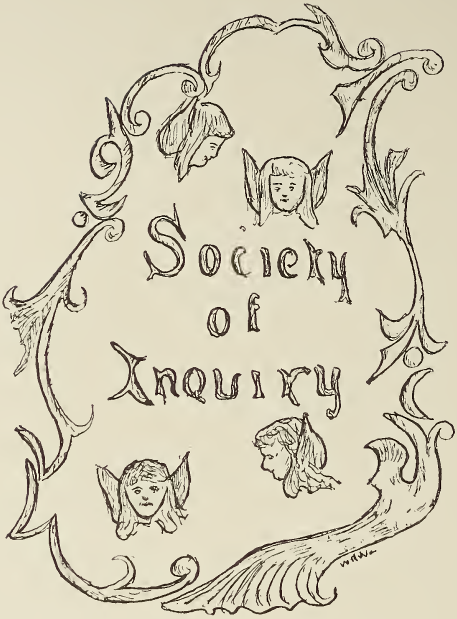
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"*Eit wagen dann wagen.*"

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Καιρὸν Λαμβάνετε.

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"Nec temere nec timide."

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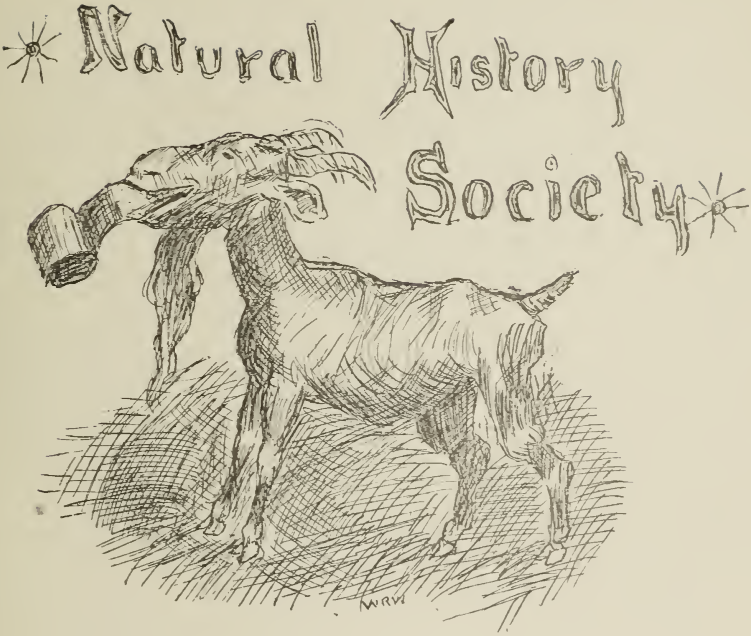

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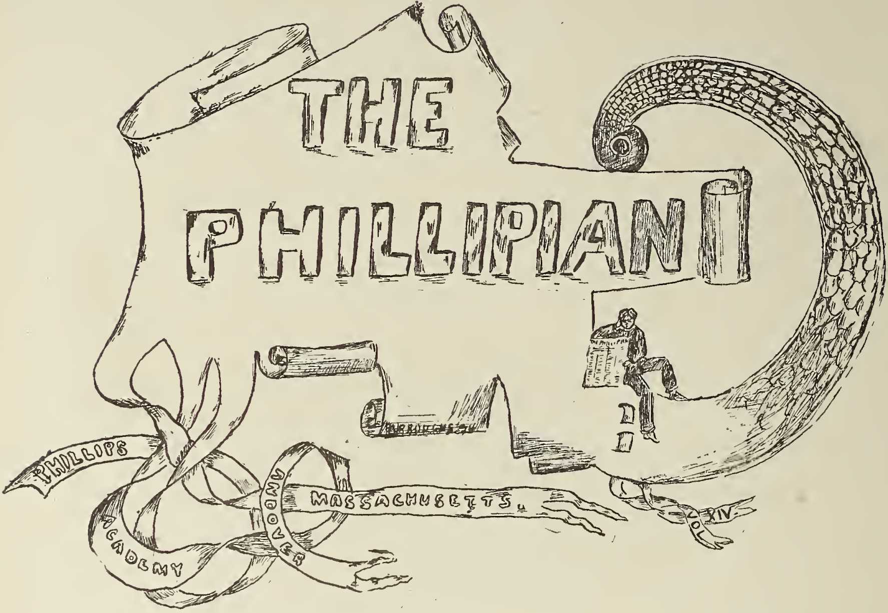
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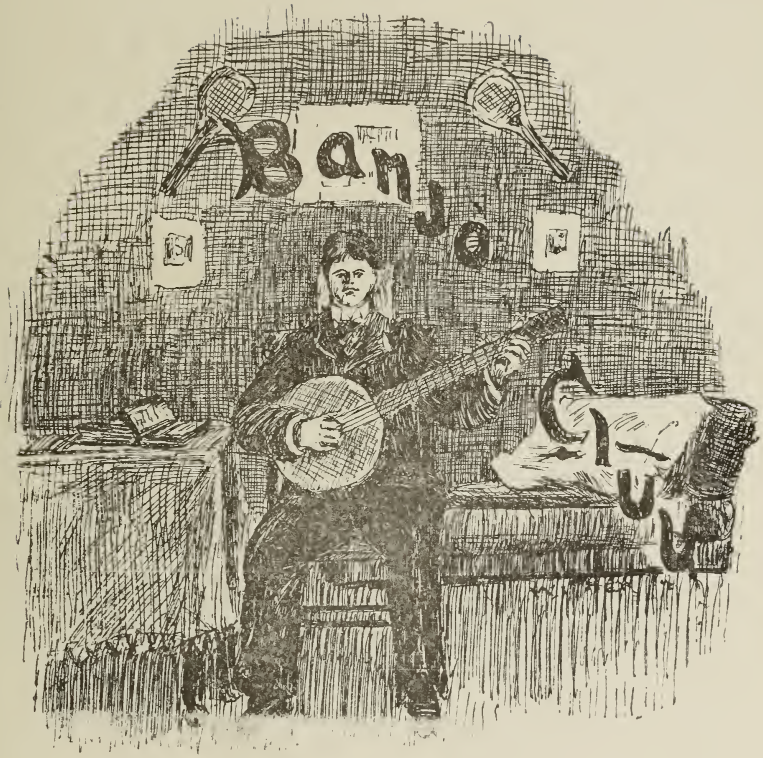

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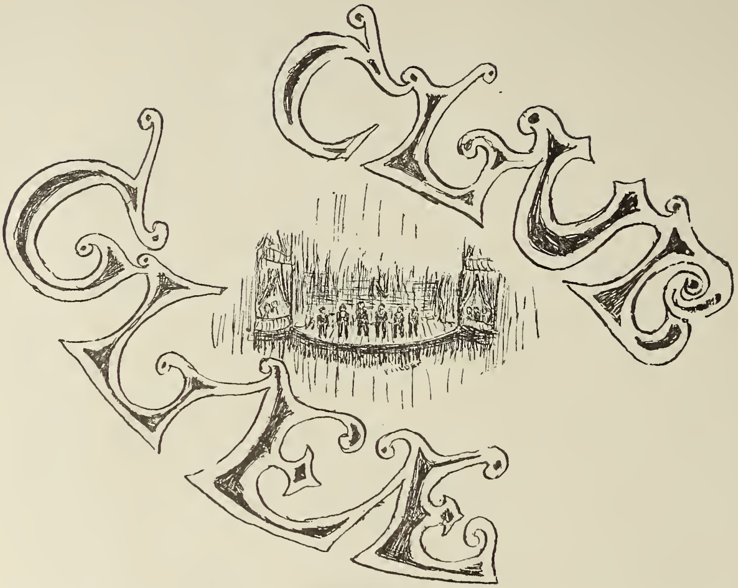

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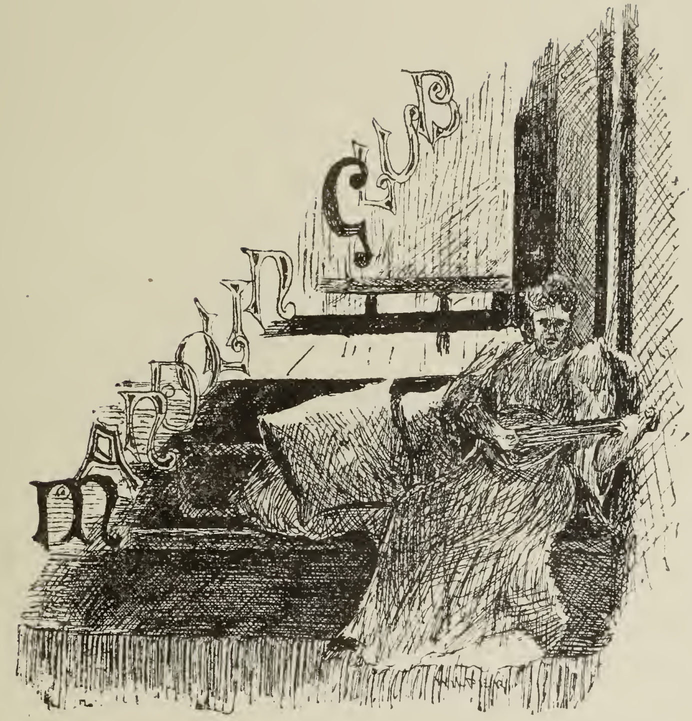

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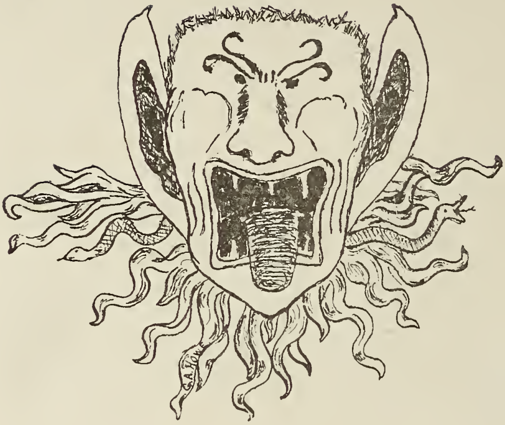

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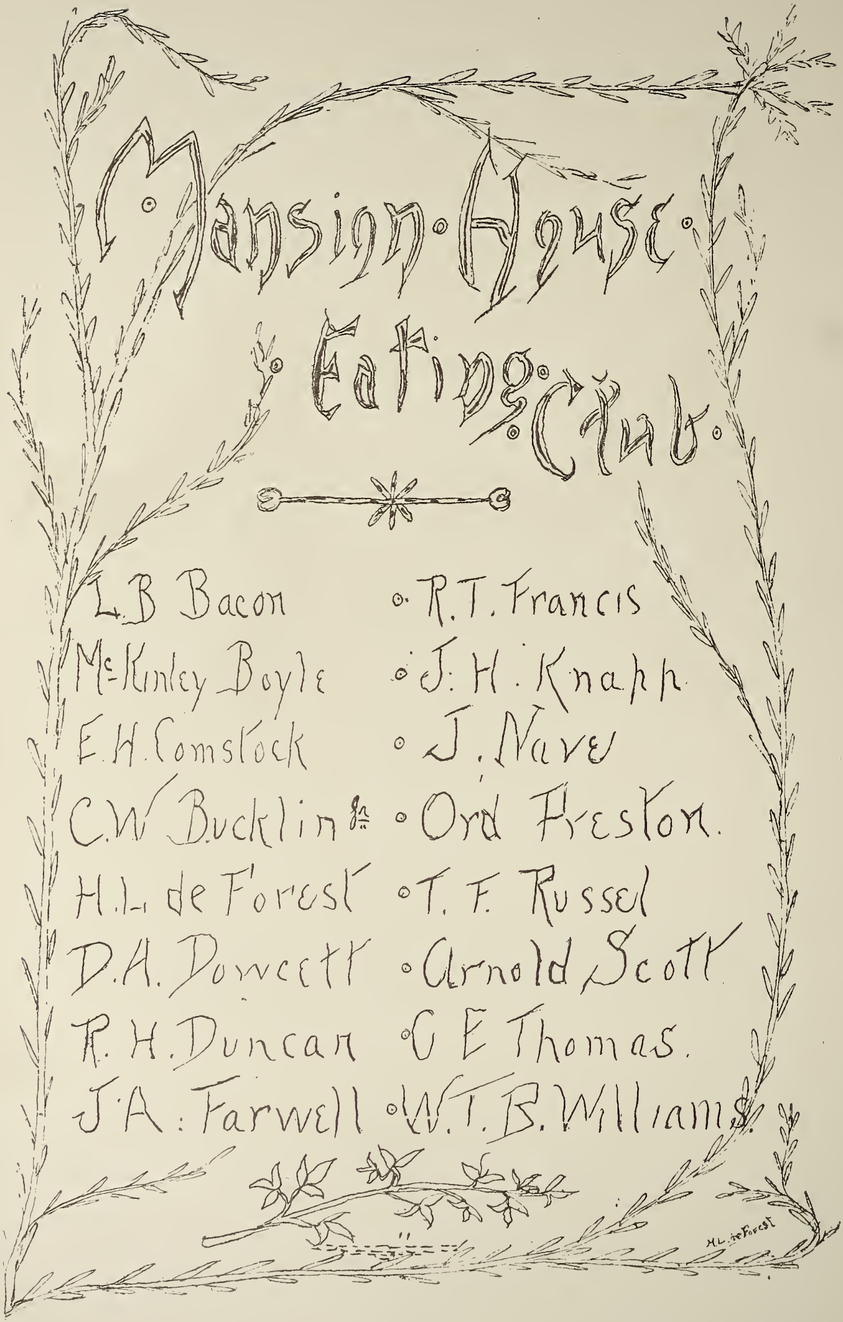

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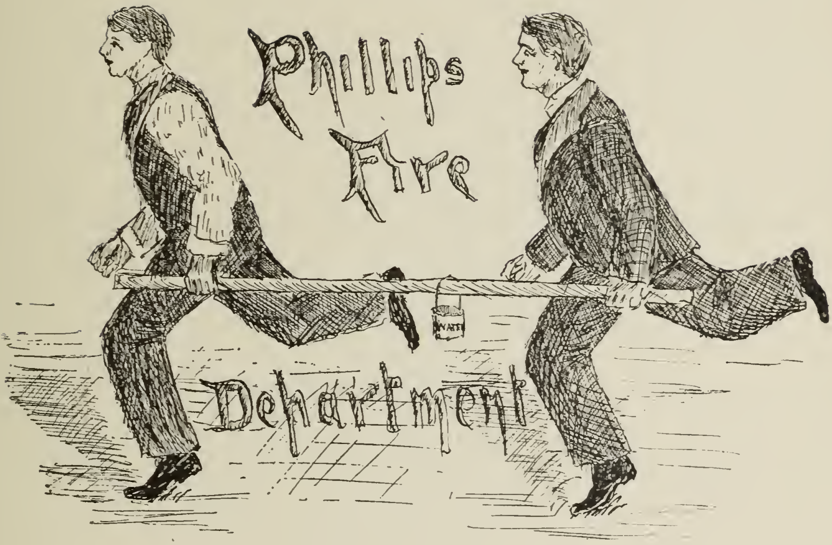
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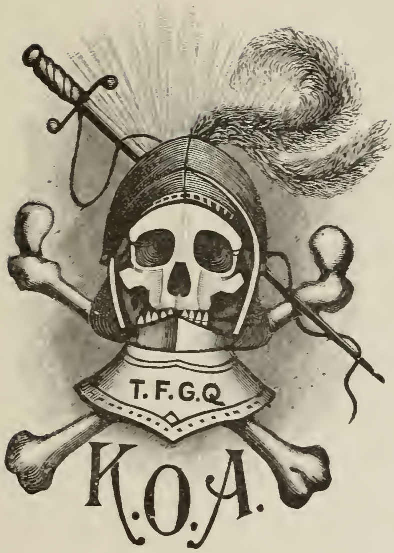

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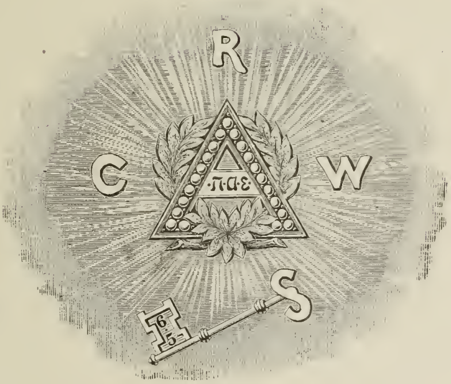

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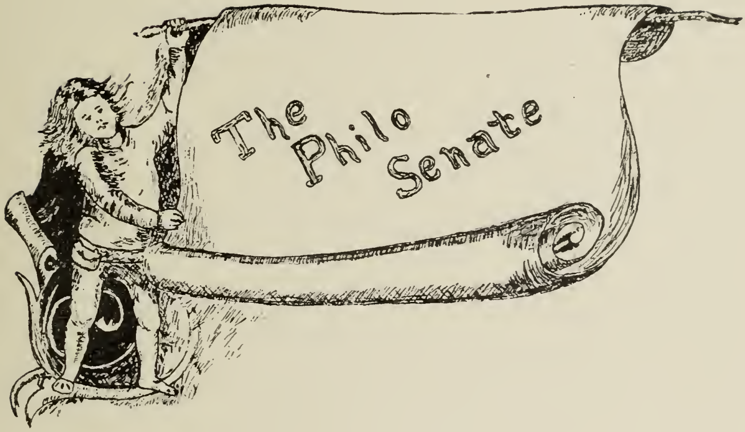

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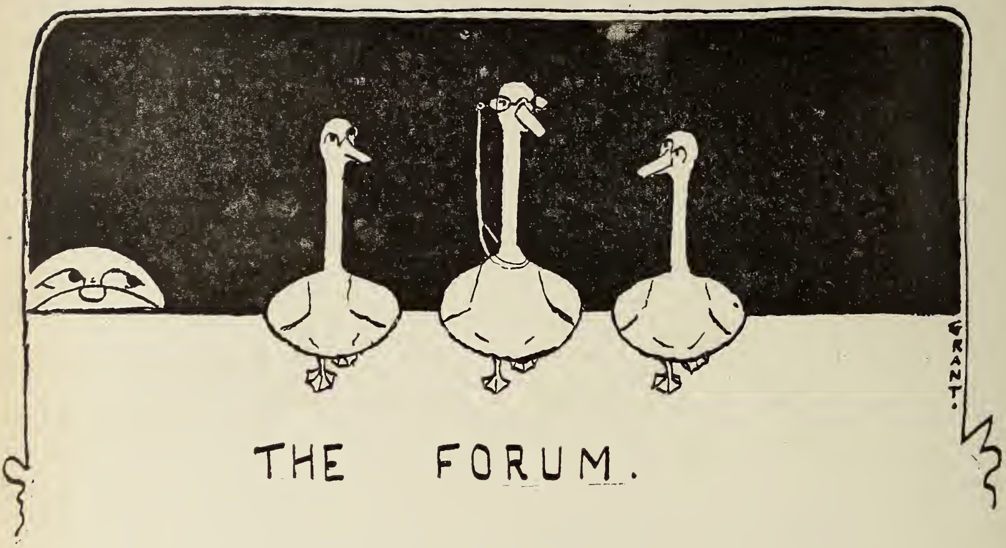

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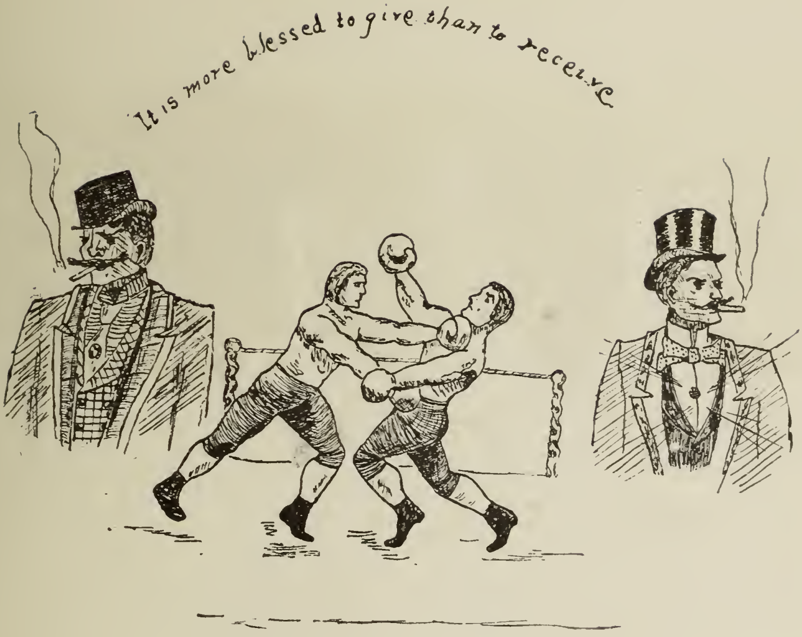
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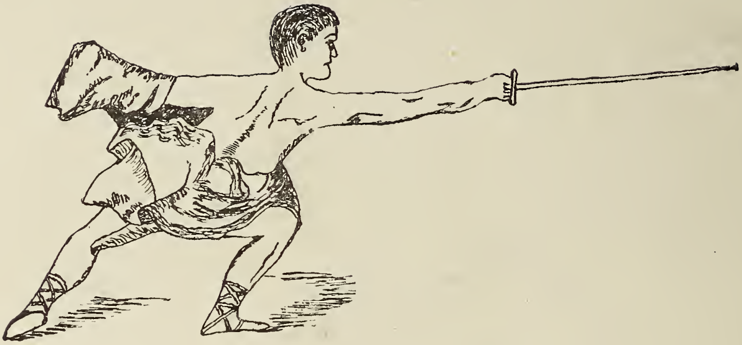

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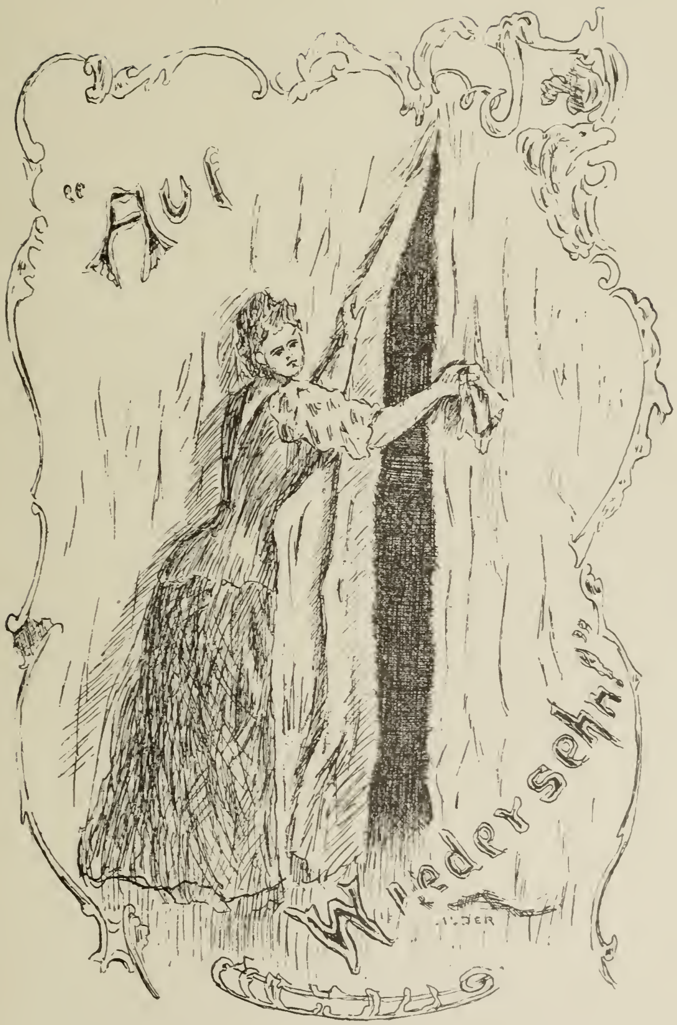
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"The new member of the 'Solitaire Club.'"
—MASTER LORING THAYER HILDRETH.

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Tours and Excursions,

332 WASHINGTON STREET,
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WHAT profession or business shall I choose? This question is agitating the minds of most of this year's graduates of Phillips Academy, and the step to be taken is a most important one and ought not to be undertaken without very deliberate consideration. It is next to impossible for a young man to know what he is best adapted for, but in our estimation, the quickest way to decide this momentous question. is to travel. Of course it costs money to travel, but not as much as is generally supposed. A man can now buy a ticket around-the-world for $610. first-class, which will include his living, except across America, and for $1000 he can see much that would be of the utmost value to him. Instead of paying out $1000 in a trip to Europe, we would strongly recommend him while he is about it to go around-the world, as the cost is about the same; and the information gained by the longer tour is far more advantageous to a young man than the shorter. Japan offers a grand field to American enterprise, especially now as it has been brought to within ten day's communication with the United States. India, with its teeming millions, is another country, which to an enterprising American has no equal. An American in India would be on a far better and pleasanter standing with the natives than are their rulers, the English, who are bound to a certain extent to maintain their positions and keep among themselves. In going around-the-world, to appreciate what one sees, one has to be familiar with botany, astronomy, mineralogy and in fact all the sciences are brought into play in making the modern grand tour, without which no American's education is complete.

THOS. COOK & SON,
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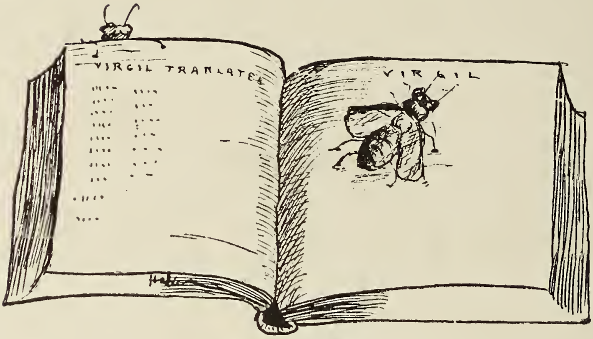
Le medicin malgu lui.—"DOC." CLARY.

The Duke, the Dunce and the Daisy.
—N. M., A. P. and N. L. THOMPSON.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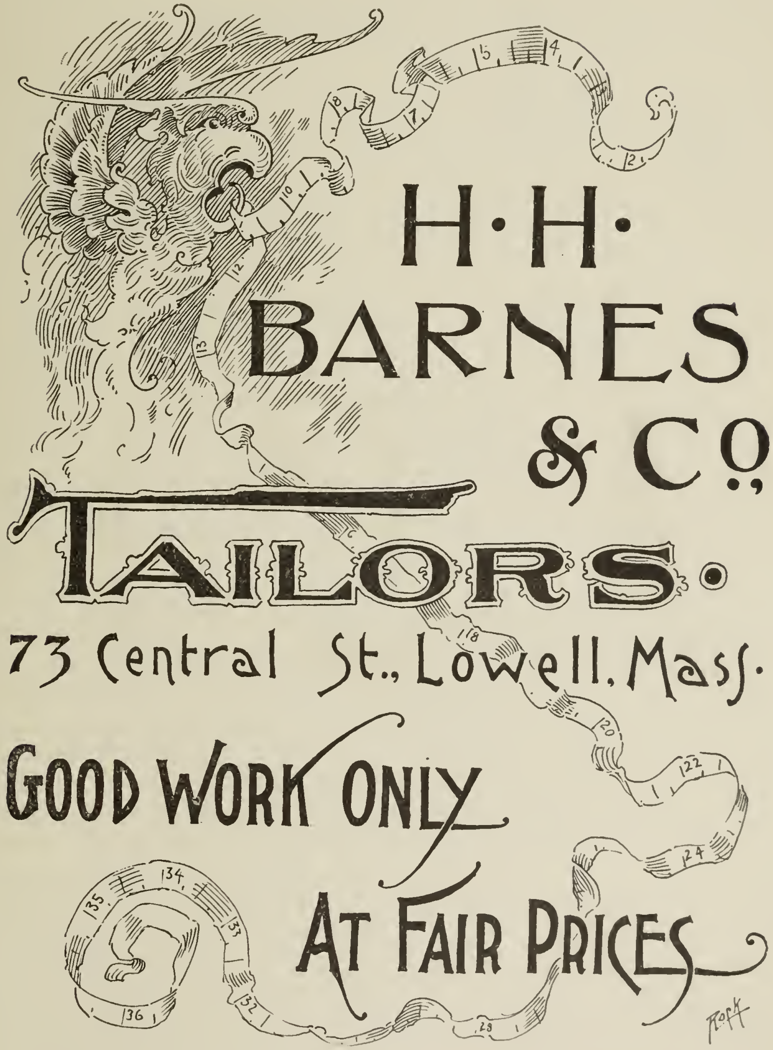
"He's scarce awake, let him alone awhile."—J. H. SMITH.

"My hair is finer than that of four girls out of five. I have been complimented on my hair."—NEWCOMB.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73 Central St., Lowell, Mass·
GOOD WORK ONLY
AT FAIR PRICES

"And then he loosed his indignant mouth."—PARDEE, JAN. 18.

“What a haste looks through his eyes.”
—DAVIS, LATE TO CHAPEL, ETC.

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As we have been established over FIFTY
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LOW PRICES.

No. 151 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.

“There are only a few of us left.”—ANDREWS, '93.

"What are these so withered and so wild in their attire?"
— CANDIDATES FOR '92 B. B. TEAM.

Mackintoshes, ✧ Umbrellas,

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HOSIERY.

SHIRTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS. ∴ ∴ ∴
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Gentlemen's Fine Footwear.

Our English Piccadilly Russia Calf Blucher at
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We carry a full line of Gents Fine Shoes at reasonable prices.

RUSSIA, FRENCH AND PATENT CALF BLUCHERS A SPECIALTY.

All students mentioning this advertisement will be entitled to 5 per cent. discount.

"Forever honored and forever mourned."—BRASTOW'S MUSTACHE.

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WE make a special study of how to produce the best looking Clothing. Best Fitting and most Serviceable Garments for the least money, and cordially invite an inspection of our styles and a comparison of prices.

Exclusive Styles in Hats and Furnishing Goods.

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COR. WASHINGTON AND KNEELAND STS.

"For men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."
—T. GILMORE, '92.

"Company, villianous company, hath been the ruin of me."
—GRAVES, '95.

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THE LATEST LONDON STYLES.

HIGH CLASS TAILORING.

LOW PRICES.

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Near B. & M. Station. BOSTON. Near Hanover Street.

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"Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade."
—J. H. SMITH'S MUSTACHE.

"I dote on his very absence."—PREP. SHELDON.

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Meerschaum · Pipes · to · Order · and · Repaired · a Specialty.

ALSO A FULL LINE OF SILVER MOUNTED BRIAR BULL-DOGS.

"O, flesh, flesh, how art thou fleshified."—PHINNEY.

Men's Outfittings.

FOREIGN NOVELTIES
A SPECIALTY.

WEST ST.
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MEN'S OUTFITTINGS
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Straight is the gate and wide the way that leads to Dummer.

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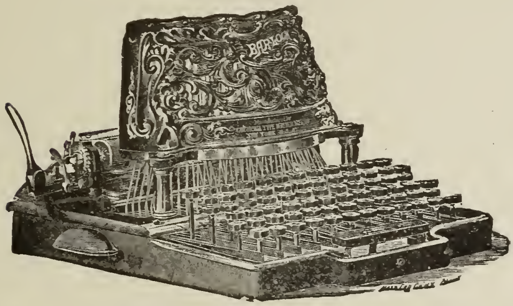

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Old and New Books,

Periodicals. Low-Priced Music. Stationery. etc. Old Books bought and sold. All the latest works of the most popular authors constantly on hand.

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Ladies' and Gents' Clothing Dyed, Cleansed and Finished at short notice, and in a first-class manner.

KID GLOVES AND FEATHERS A SPECIALTY.

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"Sweet babe, true portrait of thy brother's face."
—PREP. SHELDON.

"But O! how false and full of guile."—C. M. MILLER.

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OUR STOCK for the Spring and Summer seasons is now complete in every department. We say *honestly*, not *boastingly*, that it is not equalled by any other Clothing House in the State. Our prices are the lowest, quality of fabric, trimming, fit and workmanship taken into consideration. We offer only dependable goods for sale. Every article is guaranteed to give full satisfaction for the price paid. We do not attempt to recite the many points of interest in our display, as it has to be seen to be appreciated. Suffice it to say, that it is replete with novelties, not only in fabrics, but in cuts of garments. We ask you to call and examine our goods.

Lowell One Price Clothing Co.,

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"A little playful thing was he."—"KISSY" LINDENBERGER.

"Absent in body but present in spirit."—A MEMBER OF PHILO.

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THIS House having been NEWLY FURNISHED and FITTED THROUGHOUT is now first-class in every respect. Rates very reasonable, and courteous attention always paid to Guests. Being CENTRALLY LOCATED, it is unsurpassed as

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"Resist the devil and he will flee from you."—PALMER, '92.

"Fresh and wondrous foolish."—PREP. SHELDON.

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"He was a studious youth, prefering books to play."
—O. R. BROWN.

"Whose element is to destroy."—C. A. Miller.

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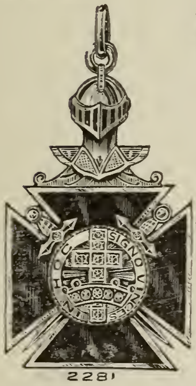

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BASEMENT OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH,

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"And that slight frame seems rather meant,
For lady's bower than soldier's tent."—Vaill.

"He had a certain laconic mode of expression."—TIRRELL.

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"A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure."
—PREP. SHELDON.

"Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony but organically I am incapable of (a) tune."—BRAYTON, '92.

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New and Second-Hand Stoves
Lamps, Chimneys, Shades, etc. The largest stock of Lamps, to be found in town. Tin, Glass, and Wooden Ware.
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"Unthinking, idle, wild, and young."—HOAGLAND.

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"Where looks were fond and words were few."
—FEM. SEMS. COMING OUT OF CHURCH.

"The game is done! I've won, I've won."—COBURN, '93.

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600 Essex Street, Lawrence.

"Fresh—Fresher—Freshest."—SHELDON, P. A. '95.

His soul, like Bark with rudder lost,
On Passions changeful tide was tossed.—PLATT, '94.

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First-Class Livery and Boarding Stable

Carriages furnished for all occasions. Fine Turnouts in single and double Sleighs.

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Watches, Clocks,

SPECTACLES. ALSO FINE WATCH REPAIRING.

567 Essex Street, Lawrence.

"For his own person,
It beggard all description."—H. L. BARNES.

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day".—DAVIS, '92, SENIOR RIDE.

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Spruce Gum Cough Syrup. 25 cts. Orris Tooth Powder. 25 cts. Extract Jamaica Ginger. 25 cts. One Minute Cure for Toothache. 25 cts. Best Seidlitz Powders, 25 cts.

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Mansion ✣ House,

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Near Phillips Academy, Andover. Open Year Round.

In the summer season the house is delightful. During cold weather is kept warm and comfortable throughout with hot water. Terms $12.50 to $17 a week. $2.50 a day.

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PAPER Beacon Hill Linen. for fine trade. is the best made.

Commonwealth Linen. A medium-priced fine grade.

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Paper by the Pound.—We guarantee our prices the lowest in America. Sample sheets of paper and envelopes. from 10 cents a pound and upwards, with prices and number of sheets to a pound. sent on receipt of 15 cts. These papers are the correct sizes for fashionable correspondence.

Special Offer.—On orders of $10 and over. we will prepay freight charges to nearest railroad station. Club your orders with friends and take advantage of this. Agents and dealers should correspond with us.

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"A wilderness of sweets."—CHAPS.

The ladies call him sweet.—H. JENNINGS.

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Photograph and View Photographers,

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MILL SUPPLIES.

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I pray for no one but myself."—WOODMAN, '92.

" 'Tis true that he is much inclined
To chin and talk with all mankind."—Parker, '93.

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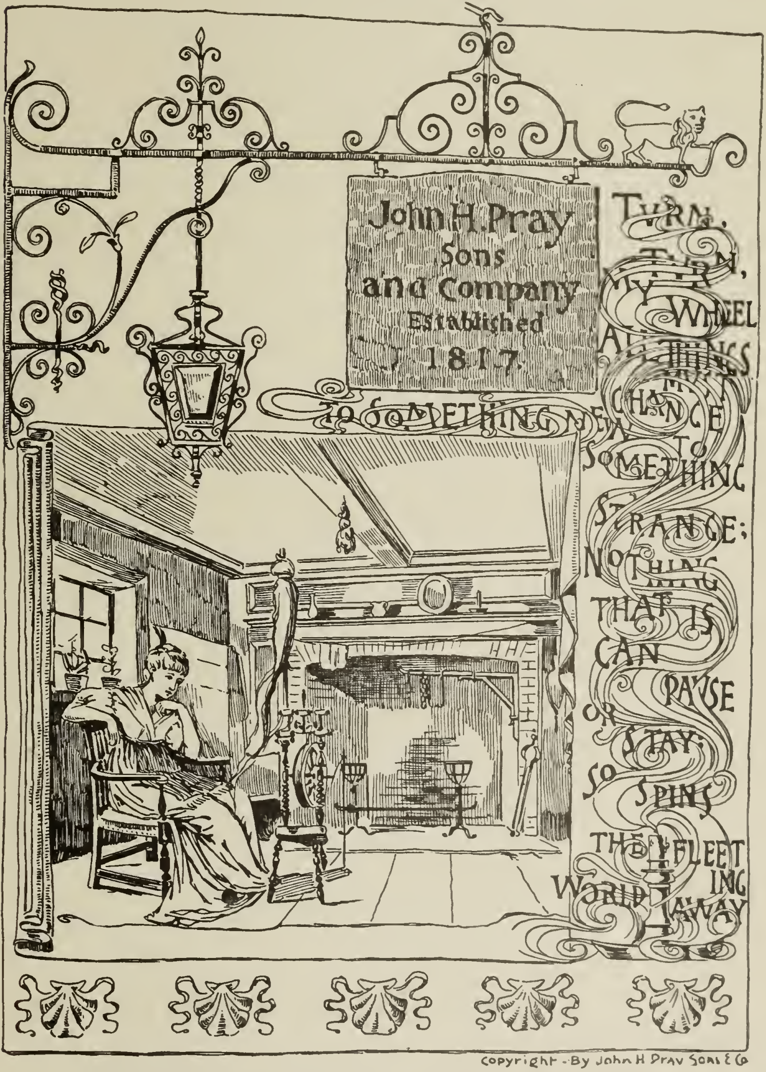
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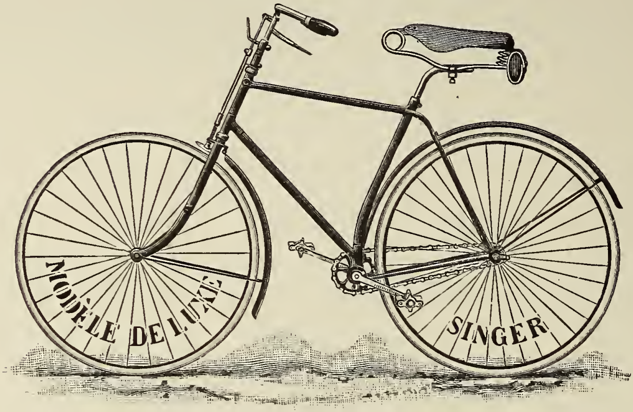

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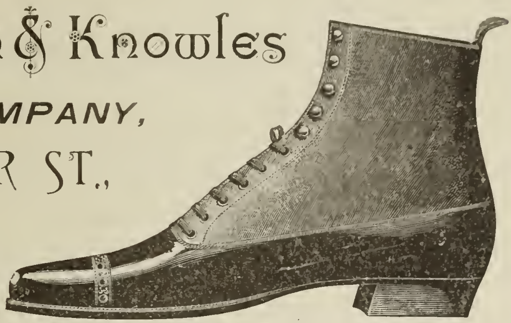

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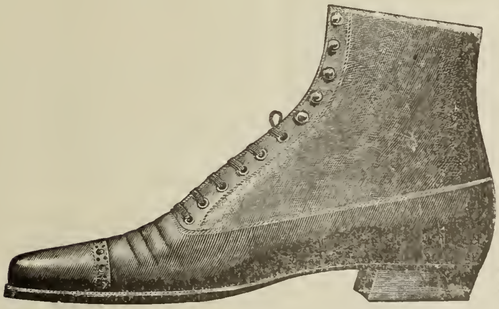

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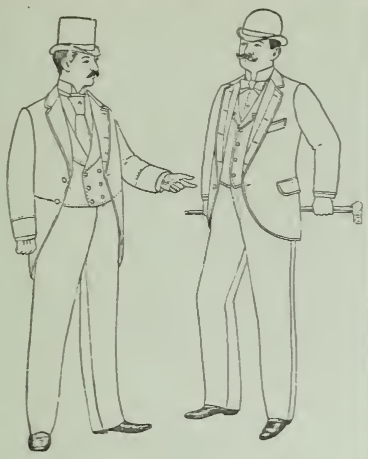

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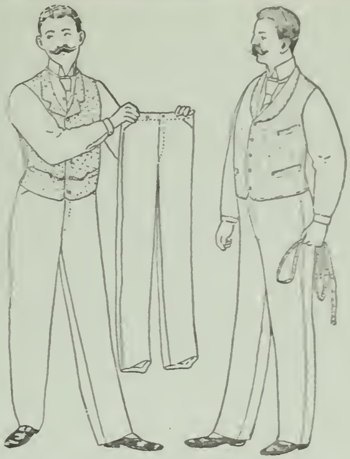

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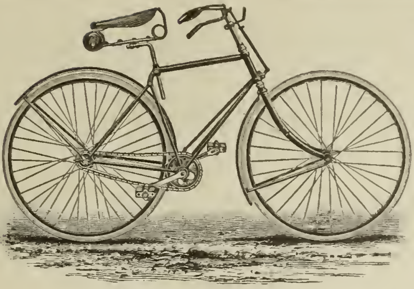

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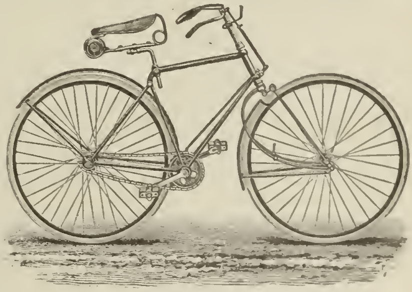

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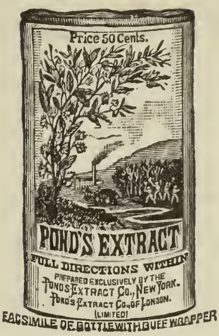
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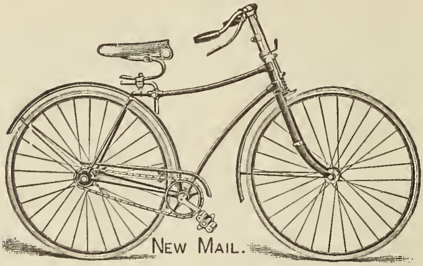

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